THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 13, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, February 13, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1626. Vol. CXXV.

VIRGINIA BRUCE

Playing the part of Olwen in Radio Pictures' screening of J. B. Priestley's "Dangerous Corner," which started at the Plaza last week. Has had considerable picture experience, some of the latest films in which she has appeared being "America's Sweetheart," "Jane Eyre," "Congo," and "Downstairs." Earlier in her career she appeared with Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade," and was for a time under the management of Ziegfeld in New York. Virginia Bruce was for a time the wife of John Gilbert

Round the Packs

Personalities Pictured From All Points of the Compass

A Meet of the East Essex

Left : Capt. Motion, Master of the East Essex Hunt, talking to the oldest inhabitant of the village at Champion Lodge, near Malden, the residence of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny

Swaebe

A Meet of the Pytchley

Captain and Mrs. Wignall and Captain Hardy were a trio who were out with the Pytchley when the meet took place at Maidwell, Northants

The Quorn Meets Twice

Above : Mrs. Charles Tomkinson, with her brother-in-law, General Tomkinson, manager of the King's racing stables, at Great Dalby

Below : Lord and Lady Fortescue talking to Colonel Borwick, M.F.H., formerly Master of the Myddleton Hounds, at Walton-on-the-Wolds, where the Quorn met

Above : Lady Ravensdale using the bumper of her car as a mounting-step at a meet of the Quorn at Great Dalby

The Hon. Meysey Thompson, daughter of the late Viscount Knaresborough, waiting for her hunter at a meet of the Quorn at Walton-on-the-Wolds

Right: Lord Amherst at a meet of the Quorn at Walton-on-the-Wolds

Swaebe

More Present at the Pytchley Meet

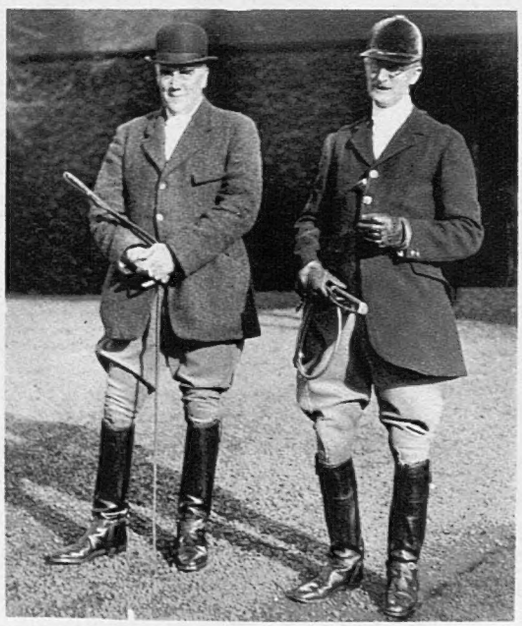
Above: Lord Borodale and Mrs. Charles Mills, who were also at the Pytchley Meet when it took place recently at Maidwell, Northants

The Atherstone (South) After-the-Ball Meet

Above: Mr. L. Lillingston, Master of the Atherstone (North), and Mr. J. Atkins at the after-the-ball meet of the Atherstone (South) at Newnham Paddox

The Tredegar Meet at St. Mellon's Country Club

Mr. N. Davies, Mr. C. C. Ll. Williams, M.F.H., and Major W. J. Roche, the old Irish International "Rugger" player. Mr. Williams has carried on the pack since the death of the late Lord Tredegar, with whom he was joint-Master



A Meet of the South Shropshire

S. E. K. Richardson

Above: Mr. Reginald Wright, Master of the Atherstone (South), chatting to one of the Hunt servants at the meet at Newnham Paddox, near Rugby

Left: Mr. Dick Warner (Hunt sec.) and Major W. E. Gataere, M.F.H. (Master), at the meet of the South Shropshire Hounds at Ford, near Shrewsbury

With the Belvoir

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Abel Smith at a meet of the Belvoir at Langar

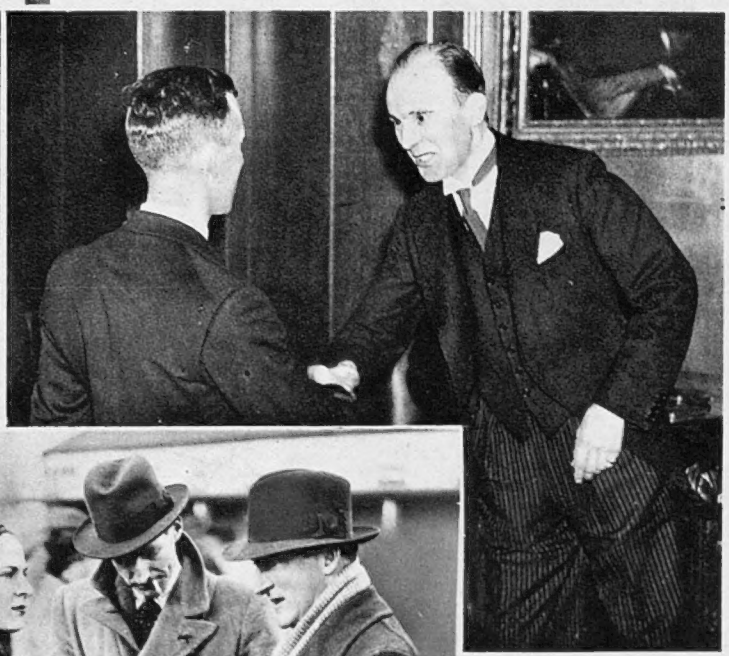
Middle, right: Lady Brocklehurst with her daughter, Ann

Extreme right: Miss Sheelagh de Paravicini and Mrs. O'Callaghan

At Home and Abroad

On the Way to Palm Beach

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough with their children, photographed on their arrival in New York. Left to right, the children are Lady Caroline Churchill, Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill, and the Marquis of Blandford. They are on their way to Palm Beach to visit Mr. Harold Vanderbilt

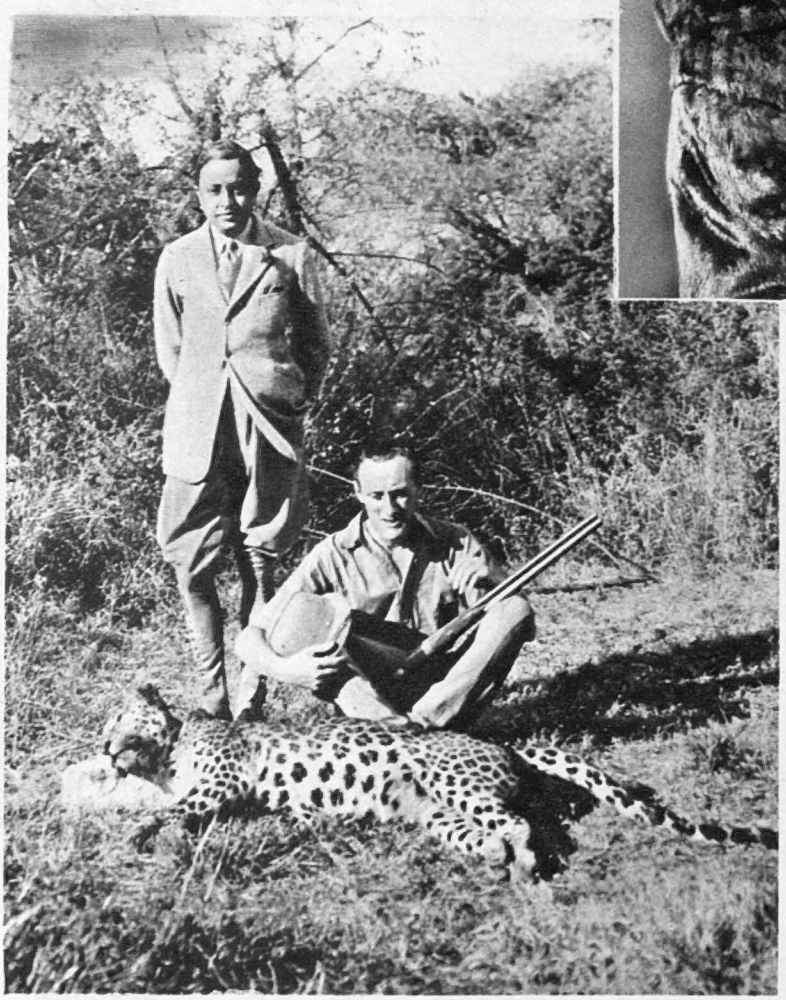


In the West Countree

Miss Crofton Ashley, Lord Shrewsbury, and Captain Powell, who, despite the cold, enjoyed the racing at Taunton Steeplechases last week

Honouring the Brave

Lieut. E. R. J. Pollett receiving the Lloyd's Silver Medal from Mr. S. J. Aubrey, Chairman of Lloyd's. In addition to Lieut. Pollett, presentations were made to ten members of the crew of the Cunard White Star liner Ascania, which answered the S O S of the s.s. Usworth



"Mr. Pip's" Big Game in India

His Highness the Maharaja of Rajpipla with Tommy Weldon, who shot a panther in the jungles of Rajpipla, famous for big-game shooting. Mr. Weldon was one of the many guests of the Maharaja, who every year has a large house-party at Christmas of his friends from England. His Highness will be back in London this summer for the King's Jubilee — not racing

Sunshine at Monte Carlo

Sir Gomer and Lady Berry photographed with Lord Iliffe (on the left) on the latter's yacht, Radient, anchored in the harbour at Monaco

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 89

Madeleine Carroll

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

TECHNICALLY, it is impossible to apostrophise Madeleine Carroll. Long ago she abandoned the Irish "O'" which preceded the rest of her name. In any case, nobody would ever want to do anything so ungallant. Madeleine is a deliciously frank person, never bored, and always seeming to be on top of the world, a most refreshing impression in these days of still rather glum faces. Certainly she has every reason to be happy, with a good-looking and devoted husband in Captain Philip Astley, late of the Life Guards and now in real estate, and a definite record of success both on the screen and the stage, with the certainty of very much more to follow.

HER life is full of coincidences. She was born on the 26th, met her future husband on the 26th, married him on the 26th, engaged her perfect secretary on the 26th, and started her career in '26. Even the première of *I Was a Spy*, the film that made her, was on the 26th. Another coincidence, though a pre-natal one in this case, was that her father was born in Palace Green, Limerick, opposite the Bishop's Palace (incidentally, my grandfather's), and met his future wife (Madeleine's mother) at Ici l'Évêque, near Paris. Which makes her daughter half-Irish and half-French, although she was brought up in West Bromwich and duly became a Bachelor of Arts of Birmingham University. After which she was determined to go on the stage, against the wishes of her father, who is still a schoolmaster. So, not having the price of the return fare to London, she taught French, music, and elocution, for sixteen shillings a week, to the offspring of a Polish antique dealer. After a fortnight she went to London to have an interview with Gabbitas and Thring, the scholastic agents (no doubt her name is still on the books), and secured a job of teaching French at Hoove Lea, a girls' school at Brighton. While she was there an old lady in a bath-chair promised to get her an introduction to Dennis Eadie, but it was ultimately Arthur Gibbons who gave her a chance on tour with *The Lash*, at two pounds fifteen shillings a week. After that it was plain sailing.

TO-DAY she is dieting, quite unnecessarily—she weighs only eight-stone-nine—likes good wines and good food, plays no games, except an occasional set of tennis, and dances divinely. She has smoky-blue eyes, a serene forehead, long fingers, and a side glance which is devastating. Her pretty mouth is never still like those of devitalised women who have to conserve their energy or act a part. For that is the charm of Madeleine Carroll—she is utterly natural.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Champion Show an' All

Sketches by Rouson

Hard-working, hopeless drudge: Mrs. Hardcastle (Cathleen Nesbitt)

"Love on the Dole" (Garrick)

IF I were writing a sort of Baedeker of Plays, I should find the method employed in those famous volumes most useful, for, in order to call your attention to *Love on the Dole*, at the Garrick Theatre, I should give it not one star, not two, but three. Mind you, I 'm not saying that this play is everybody's meat. It wouldn't suit the sort of playgoer who says: "We know that such people exist, but we don't want them brought to our notice." For here Ronald Gow and Walter Greenwood, from whose novel the adaptation has been made, not only see that these Lancashire characters *are* brought to your notice, but make sure that you won't forget them in a hurry.

I DEFY anybody with average feelings to see this play, which deals with stark, grim reality caused by the tragedy of unemployment in the Manchester district, and remain unmoved at the gallant fight which is being made in the Hardcastle household to preserve both home and self-respect. I defy anyone to say that the solution of the problem, so far as this particular family is concerned, is worthy of censure. Father Hardcastle thinks it is, says so, and acts according to his lights; but if, to put it tersely, a daughter *can* save the home and get employment for her family by becoming the mistress of a bookie . . . ? Well, that 's how it is, and now what 's your opinion ?

THERE are some artists, previously unknown to me, in this cast who are so good that to associate acting with them seems out of place. Julien Mitchell as the father, Alex Grandison as his eighteen-year-old son, and Beatrice Varley as a friend of the family do not appear to be playing parts—they are the people themselves. Please don't think that in praising these artists I am giving a back-handed slap at those better known to London. Cathleen Nesbitt, for instance, gives a beautiful performance, as does Ballard Berkeley as Sally's lover, while we all know that Marie Ault and Drusilla Wills would not let any author down.

As for Wendy Hiller, to return to the lesser known, who plays the daughter and saviour of the family, whether her superb performance is due to a miracle of casting, or whether we have here a ready-made actress of absolutely first-class quality, time alone will show.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Love among the mountains: Larry Meath (Ballard Berkeley) and Sally Hardcastle (Wendy Hiller) escape from the slums for one glorious day on the moors

The three sluts of Salford get marching orders when the master of the house returns: Mr. Hardcastle (Julien Mitchell), Mrs. Dorbell (Marie Ault), Mrs. Jike (Drusilla Wills), and Mrs. Bull (Beatrice Varley)

Peter North

Sisters

No. 3. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket

Lady Dufferin and Ava and the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket are the daughters of the Hon. Arthur Ernest Guinness and Mrs. Guinness. The eldest daughter was born in 1904 and married the Hon. Brinsley Plunket in 1927. They have three daughters. Lady Dufferin and Ava has two daughters—one was born last year. She married in 1930, when she was twenty-three years old

FILMS of the DAY

The Picture of the Moment

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"The Dictator," at the Tivoli

Clive Brook, as Struensee, and Madeleine Carroll, as Queen Caroline Mathilde, in a scene from "The Dictator," directed by Victor Saville in the Toeplitz production which was shown at the Tivoli for the first time in public last week

Tom Walls as Marlborough

An unrecognisable Tom Walls, in the character of the great Duke of Marlborough, as he appears in the Cicely Courtneidge film, "Me and Marlborough," directed by Victor Saville, which is being produced at the Gaumont-British Studio in Shepherd's Bush

IT may even be the picture of the year, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, but it is a disillusionment. The Bengal Lancer part of the somewhat ambiguous title (is it suggested that he has the same numerical duplication of lives as a cat?) and the name of Major Yeats-Brown evoke a certain anticipation which is by no means fulfilled. The film is only related to his book by geographical background and regimental nomenclature. No Yogi breathes even a sigh. But if they have taken Yeats-Brown's name in vain they have given him, in exchange, a plot and, I understand, an adequate sum of money.

Colonel Lawrence had become Private Shaw. The fatuous who saw in the author of *Bengal Lancer* and (for a short time) Editor of *Everyman* a new military Messiah, have their answer.

As a film, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* is superlative. If it is not the last word on the India question and does not affect Mr. Randolph Churchill's candidature, it is still glorious entertainment of the more strenuous variety.

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer has been compared to *Beau Geste*. Franchot Tone, "Lieutenant Forsyth of the Blues," arriving on the frontier, introduced to the Scottish-Canadian Gary Cooper and the American-speaking son of the Colonel, asks if this is the Foreign Legion! But this is a better film than *Beau Geste*. The play of character, the leaven of humorous dialogue, the photography and general mise en scène are superior.

A *Green Goddess* Oxford-accent chieftain, that rara avis, an almost silent siren, a sufficiently horrible torture scene, palatial Indian Nights' Entertainment, a *Cock-Eyed World* motif—but between officers and gentlemen—and the Dear Old Regiment business tearing the old school tie to ribbons . . .

There is an enormous amount of really magnificent pictorial and dramatic material in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Apart from the melodramatic sequences, the photography of the actual Indian scene is lovely and significant. It lifts the film to a plane above its melodramatic content.

Curiously, the name of Ernest Shoedsack, who made the memorable and unique *Chang* and also *Grass* and *Rango*, who headed the expedition to India to take the local pictures for this film, does not appear on the programme. But it will be remembered when the "featured" technical advisers and even the stars have faded out.

Sir Guy Standing, as the Colonel, is quite splendid in the best *Brother Officers* tradition. Gary Cooper is a posthumous V.C. to the life—or, rather, to the death. Franchot Tone has the best opportunity of his career as Lieutenant Forsyth from the Blues, clean-shaven, semi-facetious, semi-sardonic, with perhaps more "guts" than all of them. He is a good actor, with an attractive, unusual physique and an ambiguous accent. Richard Cromwell has the ungrateful and lachrymose rôle of the Colonel's weak son, who betrays the regiment under stress of torture. He does all that is required of him and sweats everything but blood.

Perhaps you would like to know that: "Properties included 350 turban cloths, 250 lances, 22 wild boars, 3 sacred cows, 6 water buffaloes, 2 Mohammedan prayer-books, 400 horses capable of a fast charge, a working well, 38 lb. of natural hair for beards and moustaches, and a Bombay steam-engine with two coaches.

"500 Hindus, Afghans, Sikhs, and Afridis appear in the picture; also 150 Piyute Indians, 12 Arabian nautch dancers, 3 Russian Generals 4 Colonels, 17 Captains, 3 regiments, Hindus and Mohammedans, and *several thousand Hollywood extras.*"

LACK of veracity is the chief objection to *Farewell*, at the Curzon—a light, melodious affair about a composer, his undistinguished affaire with a bourgeoise (with plucked eyebrows!), the advent of a famous lady writer who affects men's clothes by day and aigretted turbans by night and can further the career of the musician. But it is really cheating to call these figures or figments by the names of the famous dead.

It was bad enough when Wellington appeared on the screen a somewhat fatuous old man at the time of Waterloo, when he was, in fact, only forty-five. But the confusion of George Sand's life and loves in *Farewell* is really too misinforming. She was no longer a young woman when she met Chopin. The affaire with de Musset was long since tragically ended. . . There must be other and better reasons for playing Chopin's music.

THE film industry has discovered an English author called Charles Dickens. He was a superb plot-monger and creator of curious and picturesque personalities. What more does the screen need, except the make-up man, the do-this-do-that director, and the camera?

I dare to predict that the public will like *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Hay Petrie as Quilp excels and exceeds himself and Mr. Dickens. There are moments when one feels that Mrs. Jarley or Mme. Tussaud had a hand in it. Miss Benson, the fourteen-year-old heroine, is really Nellish.

Nice Goings-On

Indoors and Out at St. Moritz

A panel made to decorate the walls at the Palace Hotel for the Regency Rout, showing, top: Miss Betty Harbord, Mr. Ralph Harbord, and Mr. Freddie McEvoy. Front: Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Captain D'Arcy Rutherford, and Mrs. Bucklin Wells. The faces are giant snapshots

Murat Decorations at the Regency Rout

Another of the Regency Rout panels, depicting Mrs. Dupont in scarlet, with a gold plumed hat, with Mrs. Billie Reardon at her feet in purple, and, behind, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks leaping through the air in a Jester's pink costume

Below: Captain "Jimmy" Coats at the start of the race for the Macomber Cup. His silk cap of Father Christmas shape adds a touch of colour to the snowscape. His wife, Lady Amy Coats, is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond

Captain "Jimmy" Coats

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, who, after two years' absence, has revisited St. Moritz. She is the youngest daughter of the late Brig.-General G. W. Drury, C. B.

Mlle. Alice Cartier

Above: Mlle. Alice Cartier, who is the second daughter of M. and Mme. Jacques Cartier and one of the ski-ing flyers. Her new plus fours are of beige camel-cloth. They come from Austria, where the material is called "Loden." Mlle. Cartier's marriage to M. Carl Nater, the Swiss ski-ing ace, takes place in March

The Earl of Sefton

Left: the Earl of Sefton is a keen ski-er, though not an accomplished one. He is leaving the Palace Hotel for the funicular, en route for a lesson

The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald

THE Regency Rout, under the title of "George III. Regrets," at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, was a replica of the famous Beaux Arts Ball held for many years at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, and organised by the Beaux Arts Institute of New York, which is one of the outstanding events of the season there. This was being held in New York simultaneously with that given at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz

Round the Town

Faces Seen
By
Molly Bishop

Mrs. Charles Graham

Mrs. Charles Graham, one of the many attractive people at the sherry-party given by Miss Mary Collins. Mrs. Graham was wearing a black dress with a belt trimmed with silver buttons, and a caracul tippet

Mr. Andrew Mory

Another guest at Miss Mary Collins's sherry-party, Mr. Andrew Drummond Mory, late of the Scots Guards, who is helping Lady Dunmore and Lady Margaret Macrae with the organisation of the Highland Ball, which takes place at the Dorchester on February 19 in aid of the Highland Society, the Gaelic Society of London and the London Highland Club

Mr. Toby Milbanke

Mr. Toby Milbanke, brother of Sir "Buffles" Milbanke, who was also lunching at Prunier's, where a "fishy" décor makes a background for the guests

The Queen of Spain

H. M. the Queen of Spain sketched at luncheon at Prunier's. H.M. was dressed in black, with two curiously shaped clips in her three-cornered velvet béret

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

CONTEMPLATING the latest Underground exhibition of posters and photographs at Charing Cross Station, we raised our purple billycock, not for the first time, to the highly cultivated executive, whoever he is, responsible for Underground poster publicity.

He——

(Listen: we get nothing out of this. Not even a free trip from Charing Cross to Westminster, costing usually one penny. Right?)

As we were saying, he does more for modern British Art, in our opinion, than anybody in the contemporary advertising world. Practically every third Underground poster is a joy to the eye. We especially singled out one in pink and grey, called "Stibnites," advertising the Geological Museum, where—be still, our heart!—we have so often dallied with lovely women in the old, wild days. Stibnites are some graceful kind of stalactite, or stalagmite, or fossil, we wouldn't know which, and we couldn't decipher the artist's signature. It's like something by Picasso in his less Pernod-stricken moments. It would make a decoration for any modern home.

We can think of only one lapse in savoir-faire in Underground publicity in the last ten years, and that was a pretty blatant one. A quite recent poster, called "Superseding Saint Christopher," must have been highly offensive to quite a lot of people. The Underground overlords so rarely make a psychological bloomer of this kind that we can only conclude this poster was passed for publication in an unreflective moment by the head liftman's little girl, Elsie. We love the Underground. We'd rather spend a day on it than a quarter of an hour on the Paris Metro or the New York Subway. That's why we were genuinely surprised.

Darling! What Now?

SCANNING the notices of the New York dramatic critics, we perceive that the new Noel Coward play, *Point Valaine*, verges decidedly on the tough. Alfred Lunt, a low-life waiter, throws his paramour, Lynn Fontanne, about the stage. He curses her. He biffs her. Finally, he spits in her eye. "The first-night audience gasped," reports one critic. *Dar*-ling No-el, what-*ev*-er can it *mean*?

If you ask us—do you?—we think Mr. Coward, who is so freely compared in the States with Shakespeare, to Shakespeare's disadvantage, has at length decided to give up fribbling and wipe Shakespeare definitely off the map. There is a distinct flavour of Petruchio and Catherine in his new work, to begin with. We may get a Cowardesque Hamlet soon—Hamlet all dopey, like the nice young gentleman in *The Vortex*, equally furious with his mother and her amant de cœur, possibly socking her one on the jaw at intervals, and almost certainly piling the stage with a few corpses, the fruit of a chic little Browning, at the end; the whole thing done with a dainty charm Shakespeare never knew. After that, why not a stab at the Jacobeans, who were also pretty tough? There's a famous stage-direction in one of them, so far as we recollect: "*Enter Antonio, with Emilia's heart on a dagger.*"

If Mr. Coward couldn't invest Antonio's entrance with all the languid, sinister grace and exquisite posturings of a Mayfair dance-partner toying with an olive on a stick at a cocktail-party, we'll eat our permanent wave.

"Take that silly grin off your face"

Certificate "A."

WE stared dully the other day at the programme of a talkie-show to which we were invited by our local electricity supply company, at their own private theatre. The films illustrated in the programme didn't seem, at first glance, to have any obvious connection with electricity or cooking. We gazed for some time at Joyce Barbour, in a dainty swimming-suit and apparently just out of a frigidaire, without any great emotion other than that of æsthetic pleasure, naturally.

Then we got suddenly frightened. It struck us that debonair Mr. Athol Fleming, leaning elegantly on the open door of the frigidaire in the same scene, was actually about to put Miss Barbour back into the ice-box on some trivial but devilish pretext—say, a heat-wave—and keep her there. Wanting to keep her cool and fresh for next Friday's garden-party, and so forth. Some suave story such as a girl innocent of the Big

"Hullo, Ravenscroak, old boy, I thought you were dead"

City would be likely to accept without question. The film was called, rather ominously, *Plenty of Time for Play*. We had only just time to notice, as we shuddered and crumpled the programme up, that we should be missing Jack Payne and his band, a film called *The Wizard in the Wall* (Ian Fleming, Betty Lynne, Barbara Gott), and a third called *Well, I Never!* (Ellen Pollock, Rene Ray, Victor Gammon).

We realise vaguely that these three films were all about the advantages of electricity in the home, and we regret now that we never saw them. In *Well, I Never!*, for example, somebody might easily have boiled coffee, or an actress, by just flicking a switch. Fancy being able to offer your last-minute guests that on returning from the theatre!

Monstrous Regiment

THE devilish spirit of the 1935 woman has just created something of an upheaval in our golf club. We think you ought to hear about it. It is a quiet, respectable club, founded in the mists of the 'seventies, and ruled then by a Committee which included several retired Indian Army officers and civilians. This Committee naturally put all the women into purdah. On arrival at the clubhouse they were herded firmly into an airy, comfortable isolation ward or zenana at the extreme end of the long verandah from the bar, and there they were.

They were quite happy. They had the *Golfing Directory*, sunshine, flowers, cosy armchairs, all the illustrateds, notepaper, and direct access to the first tee. They were not required to be veiled while actually on the course, so long as they kept their distance. Members might visit them occasionally and send them chocolates, tea, and even (within recent years) cocktails. They had everything. J. H. Taylor, Braid, Vardon, Duncan, all the big boys, played on our course and found no fault with this arrangement. Handsome West End actors came down to play on Sundays and made faces at the women through the French windows. Members of the Goat Club gave wrestling exhibitions on the verandah to amuse them. It was ideal. A surly civilian from Simla suggested to the Committee in 1925 that a huge Nubian with a naked scimitar be stationed outside the zenana to slice any woman member who ventured outside, especially a blonde. We thought this too severe, and the motion was lost at the annual meeting by three votes.

The result is, dear heaven, that after generations of pampering and indulging these women, they are now cynically demanding a "mixed" cocktail-bar off the dining-room! It makes us pretty disillusioned and savage, and our Secretary has written to St. Andrews about it.

What Should A Do?

THIS week's slice of cake for the Most Poignant Situation is awarded to Mr. John Brophy, whose latest book, which is about the late war, contains this interesting incident. We quote an American reviewer:

> Two lustful privates sneak up on a camp of women war-workers behind the front line and are disappointed to overhear them discussing Robert Browning's use of the dramatic lyric.

Thus abashed, the brutal and licentious soldiery retire. But we doubt if Browning and all his works could baffle a man of resource. We know one, a farceur of great charm, who, so far from being disconcerted by such a contretemps, would at once join with graceful aplomb in the discussion. Swiftly selecting the most personable blonde to sit by, he would wind himself deftly and authoritatively into the debate, speaking rapidly in this manner:

> "In my opinion, what Browning lacks in poetical form, he makes good in thought and vigour of expression. His dramatic lyrics are certainly commendably free from the obscurity of his earlier poems, such as *Sordello*, and the general ruggedness of diction of the greater part of his poetical work."

He would add, grinding his teeth:

"And, what is more, I adore you, you little tow-haired, red-lipped baggage by my side."

A silence would doubtless fall on the blue-stocking assembly. At length, a bleak female would ask ominously:

"*What* do you think of Browning, Mr. Er?"

"Lousy," our friend would reply quietly, adding, with fiery gesticulations to the astonished blonde, "I would tear the shuddering stars from the midnight sky to adorn your hair. I would drown with you in an ocean of cruel, passionate ecstasy, divine, heartless, magical, fatal that you are."

Uttering frenzied cries, gibbering and beating on his breast, he would then mourn his hopeless love with such extravagant and demoniac gestures that the assembly would fly in fear; after which he would tweak his perturbed goddess's left ear amiably, yawn, and stroll away, humming a tune.

Virtue Forearmed

THE other day we saw a useful invention for people about to visit the Federated Malay States—a pocket

boat-hook on the telescopic principle. A friend of ours invented it.

Being about to travel East that way, and knowing (like ourselves) little or nothing of the country, except what can be gleaned from the stories of Somerset Maugham, he is well aware that Malaya is a country of plain Englishwomen with purple passions. They hop indefatigably in and out of people's beds, they are ruthless in pursuit, and when thwarted they generally shoot to kill. Their husbands have sunburnt knees, drink whisky to excess, and are quite dumb. Our friend's idea in inventing this pocket boat-hook is to enable himself, with Heaven's aid, to avoid supplying any more plots for Somerset Maugham. Lying wakeful in his bed in some prim but pulsating up-country bungalow, he has merely to touch a spring and the boat-hook flies out to its full extent, neatly catching his host's passionate wife by the neck as she steals tiptoe into his room, and holding her firmly. He has then merely to call out: "Mr. Smith!" or "District Officer!", hand her over with some light and tactful remark, and go to sleep.

We said pensively: "In the story by Maugham called *Neil MacAdam*, the wife, if we remember rightly, is a Russian. She chases a virtuous young Scot through the jungle like a tiger."

He said: "I've read it. The Scotsman was a fool. He ought to have tapped her smartly on the head with something. By the time she'd come to, she'd have been ready to drivel about Dostoievsky and her soul again. Russians are easily diverted. One on the bean with my hook, and even a Mayfair hostess would be as good as gold."

He is negotiating with several well-known firms of tropical outfitters for world rights. Before long it may be just another part of the A*st*n R**d service.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"Must *you ring that bell? My nerves are all on edge as it is*"

"*Mr. Hackett—the observatory*—please"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 18.—Miss Olive Wadsley

THE lilies and languors of Virtue
Are fine, but they lack all the spice
Those love-affairs have which are filled with
The roses and raptures of Vice;
And stories in which all the people
Are as pure as the new-driven snow,
May prove most uplifting, but, somehow,
They're always infernally slow.

So Olive, who *does* know her muttons,
Provides a most popular blend
Of Wrong, which starts off like a winner,
And Right, which romps home in the end.
She builds an Eternal Triangle
With Serpent and Lion and Dove,
Then solves the most intricate problems
That prove her a Euclid of Love.

The palm-fringed lagoon of the tropics,
The studio, study and den
Of struggling young artist and author
Provide equal scope for her pen.
All the world, we are told, loves a lover,
And since it's of lovers she tells
You will find wads of Wadsley admirers
Who fall 'neath her well-woven spells.

B. W.

Listen...

WE have been accused more than once just lately of being catty, and, while we hotly deny the charge, we have nevertheless returned from the manicurist with our nails filed so short that we couldn't scratch anyone, however hard we tried. To get the right atmosphere, we have put the jolliest tunes on the gramophone, and the room is saturated with peace and goodwill, while the cocktail-shaker is filled to the brim, and we're going to be frightfully decent to everyone.

•

WE do think Lady Jersey gets lovelier every time we see her, and she is so gay and tremendously alive—such a change from so many of the girls nowadays, who look as if they had just been stuffed. Recently, we saw Lady Jersey dancing with Mr. Frankie More O'Ferral, who is one of London's most popular eligibles.

•

WHILE we're all for Frankie in a big way, we have never thought a frightful lot of his dancing, but "There, there," as one of our shocking old fathers used to say; "much better to go out with a decent, hard-working chap, even if he does tread on your toes, than with a greasy-haired dago who doesn't know a horse when he sees one."

•

FRANKIE has since flown with his chum, that nice Sir Anthony Weldon, all the way to India to shoot tigers with dear Cooch. We hear that the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and the King of Greece are also there, so dear Cooch seems to have collected some lions as well.

•

THE same evening we saw that frightfully jolly Palmer girl—Celia. She was accompanied by an absolute topper called Byass. They had that ripping Belville boy with them—Rupert; you know, old Frank's son—and that jolly little Warwick girl (you remember, she was a Bingham).

•

THEN there was that nice Throckmorton boy, who has quite stepped into old Lord Chesterfield's shoes. "By Gad, Sir, you've missed it, and it's broken on the floor! Pity he's fallen asleep again, or he might have told us something we'd never heard before. Waiter, another dozen plates, and a fresh bowl of flowers."

NO; you're wrong. There was only one Lady Bridget Poulett, and you were not tight, either—the other was her reflection in the looking-glass. Top-hole girl, the Poulett, always looking to see she's at her best, so as not to disappoint us. Rare one for dressing up. Did you see her as the Cast-Iron Certainty or the Something of Steel, or whatever it was? Anyhow, it was jolly good. (These cocktails, darling, are stronger than we thought.)

•

JUST for a moment we thought Lord Portarlington was not going to turn up, and that nice fiddler fellow, Ambrose, looked as if he was going to pack up—no party without Portarlington. But here he is with his nice little wife and nice little Menzies and nice little Carlow. Lord Portarlington, in that frightfully decent way of his, dances with a jolly lucky girl at another table, and although the chap who brought her doesn't look too pleased, everyone else is delighted.

•

THE Sweenys, of course. We always forget which of them it was who invented marriage, but, anyhow, it was one of them. We adore Margaret and Charlie, and she seems to get lovelier every day.

•

THEN there were the Storeys, often known as the bed-time Storeys, since they also sit up so late. Still, it doesn't seem to affect his golf, while Mrs. Storey, judging by our Press photographs, is also doing very well. A great couple, Eustace and Peggy.

•

WE are in luck—here comes Eric Hatry. Not often we see him out at night while the hunting is so good round London. Great fellow, Eric. Full of bonhomie and all that, but no rough stuff. Knows all about food and drink, and likes to entertain his friends. Wish there were more like him.

•

THAT Peta Davis is far too good-looking. No wonder our chaps make excuses about twelve o'clock and say they have a headache. ("How can she be a girl if her name's Peter?" "I didn't say 'Peter,' I said 'Peta.'" "I know you said 'Peter,' and no girl's ever called 'Peter.'" "It isn't 'Peter'—it's 'Peta.'" "All right; have it your own way. Have another cocktail? My, they have got a kick!")

•

WE'VE always been great ones for Lord Brecknock, so big and reliable. One always knows exactly where one is with "Brecky," and it's usually the Dorchester—or, anyhow, it used to be. Can't stand a man who's always changing.

•

YES; those were the Thursbys. Deliciously dark and exciting, wasn't she? And little Peter looking as if he wondered who'd trumped his queen. Best bridge player in the St. James's, is Peter. Grand couple, the Thursbys.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 11.—Lady Smiley

QUEEN MARY touched a magical button and the good ship bearing her name was launched on the waters of the Clyde. Cecil Beaton pressed a similar button and his good little sister Nancy was launched in her career on the troubled waters of London's social life. A very sweet and pretty girl, "little" Nancy—though why "little," as she was always a fine, strong girl?—was asked everywhere, and everyone liked her, but it would not be strictly truthful to say that she made quite the stir predicted by her photographer brother. Then, one fine day, she met Sir Hugh Smiley, dashing, good-looking Guardsman, who swept her off her feet, and very soon she was Lady Smiley, chatelaine of Sir Hugh's mansion, Great Oaks, the envy of every girl in London. The Smiley wedding, stage-managed by Cecil, is still fresh in your memory. Nothing like it had ever been seen before, and very likely nothing like it will ever be seen again. One of the very nicest girls we know, Nancy is divinely happy, which is just what she deserves to be.

Marie Tempest, seen above and on the right, in 1884

A Span of Fifty Years

Marie Tempest Then and Now

Photographs by Bassano

WHEN a very great artist has given of her best to the public for fifty years, it is only fitting that some notice should be taken of it. The incomparable Marie Tempest celebrates her stage jubilee on May 30th, for it was on this date in 1885 that she made her first appearance, as Fiametta in a revival of the comic opera *Boccaccio*, and it is on May 30th, 1935, that a matinée will take place at a London theatre, given by an all-star cast, which will allow both those associated with the stage as well as the play-going public to express the affection and admiration in which they hold her. The two top photographs were taken in 1884, and the circled portrait is of Marie Tempest as she is to-day

Marie Tempest to-day

Above: Mrs. Bruce McLeod, of Cadboll, Miss Greta Brenner, Mrs. Jack Ewing, Captain J. B. Atkinson, M.F.H., Mrs. W. A. Bury, and Major Hayward at the United Hunts Ball held at the Savoy Hotel

The Fifth United Hunts Ball in London

Mrs. G. Hurst, Mr. Stevens, Major G. Hurst, Master of the Peshawar Vale (India) Hunt, and Mrs. Stevens, who were present at the United Hunts Ball

Swaebe

At the Café de Paris

Lord and Lady Ebury at the Café de Paris. They were married in 1933. They have one son. Lady Ebury is a daughter of Mr. H. W. Ackland-Troyte

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THERE is rather a lull this week in the winter-sports world. The Prince of Wales is settled down comfortably and happily at Kitzbühel, with his very natural request to be as unmolested as possible on his holiday. Douglas Fairbanks has finished his tour of the Engadine and Italy, though, of course, that is not the news that it would have been ten years ago. Lady Ashley has been seen in London again, and is wearing a lovely solitaire diamond ring. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., has not been in the news lately: on the contrary, Miss Gertrude Lawrence has.

THOSE tomboys and girls of the Cottesmore country have been at it again, though it was not such an informal party as the one given by the "Johnnie" Players on New Year's Eve. This time it was the Hunt Ball at Melton, and the proceedings did not start off with a gallop, although some of the guests went a pretty good one before the evening was out. Would it surprise you to learn that Leicestershire's three graces, Lady Warrender, Miss Monica Sherriffe and Miss Ulrica Thynne, had rivals on this evening? The home side had to play hard to hold its own against the visiting "lovelies."

CHESHIRE'S loss has been Leicestershire's gain in the person of Sir Keith Nuttall, Tarporley's pocket Napoleon, as the builder of the Mersey Tunnel is known. Lady Nuttall is very anxious to hunt in the "shires," and has persuaded her husband to buy Lowesby Hall, formerly belonging to the Duke of Marlborough, who is on a visit to America.

Melton is wondering whether the new tenants will keep up the old Lowesby tradition of jumping a horse over a five-barred gate in the dining-room, as did a Marquess of Waterford. They are playful enough in that district to encourage the new tenants to do so.

HUNTING in Cheshire fares very well, due to the activities and generosity of Mr. Walter Midwood, the great cotton-broker. His son, Eric, acts as Field Master; Mrs. Eric Midwood goes wonderfully well in the hunting field, as does Mrs. Tomkinson, whose husband wears the famous Green Collar, which means you must be very "socially O.K." as well as a Cheshire landowner. Cestrians live among their cheeses and their meres, and some of them do not realise how lucky they are, especially to have such a "godfather" to the Hunt as Mr. Midwood. Some of them even hold little weekly meetings to try to stick pins into him, which is silly, as he is a big man and can hold them all.

ONE of the prettiest girls in that neighbourhood is Miss Barbara Reiss; then, too, there are Lady Delamere and Lady Broughton, who is at present in New Zealand with Lord Moyne's yachting-party. Meanwhile, Sir Delves Broughton, one of the most popular figures in the country, is making all preparations for the launching of their débutante daughter, Rosamond, in the spring.

LORD TOLLEMACHE, who lives at Peckforton Castle, is a great character in the neighbourhood, is a very keen motorist, and tells many an amusing story. One should get him to relate the tale of the ploughing-up of the croquet lawn, and how he likes to float on a raft in a deck-chair on his lake, wearing a straw hat and smoking a cigar. There's wit and humour in Cheshire, you see, as well as at Melton.

MISS DELIA CROSSLEY and her father, Sir Kenneth, who live at Combermere Abbey, are the great local aviators; she taught her father to fly, and he now never goes in a train or car.

ADDITIONAL notes to my mention of the Olympian Party at Claridge's on March 5th are that Miss Olga Lynn was unable to give me the part of Pan, as it has been awarded to Mr. Rex Whistler, including a forked beard. And Lady Warrender will be Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty. She will be clad in gold, and will carry a cornucopia (of course, you all know what that is), while golden wheat-ears, culled from an early harvest, will form her head-dress.

The ball takes place on the evening of the wedding of Sir Michael Duff and Miss Joan Marjoribanks. His mother, Lady Juliet Duff, was one of the very many visitors to Cruft's, where every dog has his day, if not his prize. Baroness

Left: pram-pushers in the Park. Miss H. Bryant, Lady Revelstoke, Mrs. Fred Stanley, and the Hon. Mrs. Hoare

Below, left: also in the Park. Lady Victor Warrender out walking with Colin, the son of Mrs. Archie Campbell. The poodle is also of the party

her liver-and-white spaniel, and was dressed in black. Further on, we met Mrs. Frank D'Arcy—or, rather, we should have met her if she hadn't shot up a side-street, escorted by a boy friend. Lady Mary Dunne was out, too, on that particular sunny morning, wearing a black velvet coat and béret. The sun is not too kind to black velvet, and always makes the best quality look as if it could do with a good brushing. Lord Milton (now a Dad !) was to be seen hatless in Piccadilly, and Mrs. Anthony Eden was another out for an airing.

Swaebe

Personalities in the Park

Lady Queensberry deserts the studio to take her son, Viscount Drumlanrig, for a walk in the Park, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. James Beck

Miss Brodrick, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Brodrick, gives the French bulldog an opportunity of being immortalised by the camera

Swaebe

Burton was in fine form judging the Keeshonds, so was Mrs. Weil with the Pekinese, with Mr. Weil acting as steward in case of obstreperousness among the Pekinese queens. After all, every little world has its differences, and as much chatter goes on at a meeting of the Ladies' Kennel Association as in the Embassy Club on extension night.

SCHIAPARELLI has opened her new house in the Place Vendôme, Paris. Those who understand fashions tell me all sorts of stirring news. I learn that "The draped shoulder-line may keep furs in the background." This solemn proclamation has severely shaken Miss Sandra Rambeau, who carries a complete silver-fox farm on her lovely shoulders. Moreover, "Waist-line treatment is due for a change. Something may happen to belts and girdles as to where they are placed, high or low." Much must depend upon the placing hand. And as for hats, they are to have large crowns with undulating brims, trimmed discreetly with little perky bows of ribbon, tiny feathers, or pleats of white P.K. So much for those who complain of my lack of interest in fashions.

SCHIAPARELLI, at the invitation of the Americans, did a fashion broadcast to fifty fashion centres. She is launching a new silhouette, with buttons made from pebbles, and materials made up of newspaper-cuttings, which are, naturally, pages of "Listen."—MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

WHEN we go out and trapse the streets for someone or something to write about, we invariably see Colonel Wilfred Egerton risking his life crossing Piccadilly from Clubland. He didn't disappoint us the other day. There he was, smart and handsome as ever, standing on the corner of St. James's Street, about to "take off." Mrs. Bryan Guinness we also saw. She was being exercised by, or was exercising,

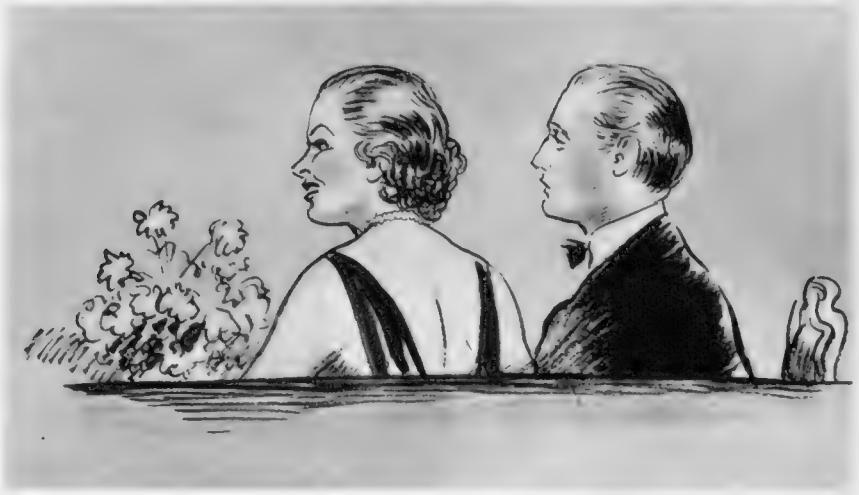
CAPTAIN and Mrs. Teddy Brook have left Leicestershire, where they have been hunting, and gone off to Khartoum, with its warmer climate. Daily papers tell us that they are going to meet the Duke of Gloucester on his return from Australia, but as we are pretty certain he is returning via the West Indies, Bahamas, etc., we think they will be lucky if they catch a glimpse of him on the east coast of Africa. However, we shall see. Nothing seems impossible in this world.

HAVING that pre-lunch cocktail at the Ritz (we seem to write about it with the greatest regularity) the other morning, we saw Sir John and Lady Pole-Carew. She was wearing a green coat and a hat with touches of red about it, and talking to Mrs. Edgar Brassey and Mrs. Bobby Jenkinson. We saw the latter's rival in height, by the way, Miss Mary Collins. She and Lady Cambridge were together, and talking to them at one moment were Lord Milton and Sir

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Mrs. Roger Wright

Above: Mrs. Roger Wright sketched at the wedding reception at the Savoy Hotel after her marriage to Mr. Roger Wright, who was formerly in the Grenadier Guards. Mrs. Wright, who is an American, was, previous to her marriage, Mrs. Virginia Pemberton



The Hon. Mrs. Janet Campbell, a daughter of Lord Beaverbrook, and Mr. Drogo Montagu at a party at Quaglino's just before their engagement was announced

Right: Mr. Claude Strickland and Lady Marguerite Strickland, a daughter of the Earl of Darnley, in the balcony at the Café de Paris. Lady Marguerite is one of the few women that a fringe really suits. She is wearing a little jewelled comb in her hair

Mr. Claude and Lady Marguerite Strickland

"Jock" Buchanan-Jardine. Lady Carnarvon walked in in her lovely mink coat, while Lady Helena Fitzwilliam walked out. Lord and Lady Eltisley we also saw, though they were probably more intent on the lunch that was to follow than the actual cocktail. Lord Donegall was with a party of friends, and Miss Daphne Kingsmill was waiting for someone.

HAD you been at the Savoy the other busy night and allowed your eye to rove round the room, the first thing you would have seen would have been Mr. David Forbes and a friend seated firmly at the foot of the steps. A little further on were the Comtesse de Pret-Roose and Major Carlos Clarke, in a party with the former's sister, Mrs. Heber Percy, and husband, and a few other young women, and what looked like a distinct scarcity of men. Major Jack Harrison was tête-à-tête with a girl friend, while Mr. and Mrs. Ian Murray had the latter's débutante sister, Miss Suzanne du Boulay, with them. Lord Mount Temple had a party of six, including the Redmond McGraths. Miss Monica Sherriffe and Miss Nina Grenfell were accompanied by what must have been a brace of brothers, because they were so exactly alike (might even have been twins). Others we noticed were Lady Forres, dancing round in a black taffetas dress edged with white frills (most attractive); Mr. Tom Walls, busy feeding; Mr. Elreld Cardiff, dancing with his good-looking wife; Mrs. Antony Crossley, whom we just caught a glimpse of as she was leaving, looking lovely amidst a mass of grey tulle; and Miss Isabel Jeans, complete with white gloves and her hair done with those fashionable curls across the front.

WE hear that "our Eddie" (Mr. "Eddie" Tatham) is being kept doubly busy in New York. First and foremost, of course, comes his work and main excuse for being there! Secondly, his spare time is filled with looking after his many London friends, who seem to be passing through New York just now. Lady Warwick has been one whom he was proud to show off (and about). She has now gone on to Palm Beach. Captain Cecil Pym is another. He was on the same boat as Lady Warwick going over. Whether Lady Louis Mountbatten has been entertained by "Eddie" we don't know. Talking of her reminds us that we hear the pent-house on the top of the new Brook House is ready for her to move her valuable belongings into, so let's hope she comes home and does it soon.

MRS. MOUNSEY gave a good dance the other night to celebrate the coming-of-age of a son and the coming-out of a daughter, thus killing two birds with one stone. Lady Bonham-Carter lent her house for the party, and appeared herself dressed in a red picture-frock, while Mrs. Mounsey wore black velvet. Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley brought her daughter, Ann, and Lady Esher escorted another "deb," Miss Virginia Brett. One of the largest parties was Mrs. Edwin Fisher's. She brought a mass of this year's "buds," who, as yet, are completely unknown to us, but whose names will doubtless be more than familiar in a month or two's time.—MRS. PEEPS

Please note: The British Industries Fair and Pageant will be held at Grosvenor House on February 26th, and not the 16th, as stated last week.

• Getting Married . . .

This New Feature—the "Bystander's" Pictorial Review of current weddings and engagements—will be found on pages B and C, before you come to the Frontispiece. Next-door is

WHAT'S ON

our weekly Going-Out Guide to London's Round of Amusements.

VISION

—From the Camera Study by John Everard

"I Read Your Fortune Your Eyes"

A Trio of Film Stars Who Have Ar

Loretta Young

Loretta Young is one of three sisters who have found fame on the screen. The others are Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young. She is strikingly beautiful, with natural golden-brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her first big part was opposite the late Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" She also played in "Born to Love," "The House of Rothschild," "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," and in Erik Charell's lovely musical picture, "Caravan," which recently played at the Curzon Cinema, Mayfair. In "The White Parade" she is seen as a student nurse who has to choose between her career and marriage

Right: Mary Carlisle

Mary Carlisle is a film person very much in demand, as she is one of the most popular of ingénues, a position she reached by pertinacity and hard work, and when her services are not required by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she appears before cameras at some other studio. She has lately scored a big success in "Murder on the Railway Train," in which she plays the persecuted heroine. Other performances of hers which will be remembered were in "Should Ladies Behave?" and "This Side Heaven"

In

ived

Pat Paterson

Pat Paterson, a Yorkshire-born girl, was spotted by Fox scouts in an unpretentious British film and recommended to the Fox executives in Hollywood. Her test proved so good that she was given the lead straight away in an important picture, "Bottoms Up," playing opposite Spencer Tracy. Since then she has had leading rôles in a lovely Schubert film, "Lovetime"; with Herbert Mundin in "Call It Luck," and "Lottery Lover," the latter picture now in this country and soon to be seen in London. She created a sensation by her whirlwind marriage, soon after going to Hollywood, to Charles Boyer, the French actor

THE WIND-SWEPT CORNISH PINES

—A Camera Study by Norman Parkinson

Sir Peter Grant Lawson

A steward of the National Hunt, but is, perhaps, best known to the public in connection with his run of successes with his own horse, Golden Holiday, which he bought out of a seller

General Kennedy

Who is chairman of Tattersall's Committee, and one of the most regular of the regulars. He hardly ever misses a meeting

Lord Carnarvon

To whom jumping makes no appeal; but flat-racing knows no greater enthusiast

Turf Celebrities

By "Regular"

FOR the next few weeks, for reasons which are entirely my own affair, I intend to alter the character of this page. ("I bet Uncle 's got the sack. What fun we shall have, a new Uncle writing to us every week. I wonder what he did; perhaps he took the knock.")

No, you 're wrong, it will be the same Uncle Regular, the Turf's sweetheart, writing, but under circumstances which would render it rather difficult for me to tell you with any certainty what Major Weyland wore at Windsor, what wasn't having a go at Kempton, and if there was the slightest truth in the rumour about the girl at Sandown.

ON another page of this journal, which, incidentally, I am not responsible for, there has been each week a delightful study of what the writer considers the week's most popular woman, and I understand the recipients of this gratuitous publicity have derived the maximum satisfaction. I can only hope that my series of Popular Men will be equally satisfactory.

I SHALL draw, willy nilly, from the large circle of Turf celebrities for my victims, lords, jockeys, owners, trainers, and even onlookers, just as the fancy takes me, and as many miles of (I hope, calm) water will divide us when these literary gems appear, I feel tempted to be extremely outspoken.

LORD CARNARVON, "Porchy" to his many friends, and "Lordy" to the Silver Ring, is the first name that comes into my head, though why it should I really don't know, as we have seen nothing of him since the Manchester November Handicap. When, however, they clear those tiresome fences away he will return to us. Lord Carnarvon makes no bones of the fact that jumping makes no appeal to him, and quite rightly, under the circumstances, does not indulge in it; but flat-racing knows no greater enthusiast, except, perhaps, his charming sister, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp. For many years now Lord Carnarvon has been an enthusiastic owner, training with his old friend Dick Dawson; but it is as an amateur rider (or "bumper," as the more go-ahead set insist on styling it) that his Lordship has found his way into the hearts of the great British public, who admire pluck and daring above everything. So keen are they on his winning that on one occasion they booed when he lost. Lord Carnarvon's success as an amateur rider is the result of assiduous practice. He was no Danny Maher, to start off with, but he has improved out of all knowledge, and is an excellent judge of pace. No morning is too cold for him when he is due to ride a gallop, and no course too far distant when he has the offer of a mount. As a breeder Lord Carnarvon has been very successful: his wonderful mare Malva has bred Blenheim, the winner of the Derby, and King Salmon, the winner of the Coronation Cup and Eclipse Stakes, but, unfortunately, he sold them both. Lord Carnarvon is a very good shot and at Highclere Castle, where he lives, he has a splendid shoot. His very beautiful and popular wife was formerly a Miss Wendel, and they have a son and daughter.

MY next victim must be Sir Peter Grant Lawson, a serving soldier in the Blues, and, at the tender age of twenty-nine, a Steward of the National Hunt. One of our very best amateur riders, Sir Peter realised the ambition of all N.H. riders, which is to win a race over Liverpool, when he won the Foxhunters' 'Chase on Half Asleep; but it is in connection with the wonderful run of successes on his own little horse, Golden Holiday, which he bought out of a seller, that he is best known to the public, with whom he is tremendously popular. Sir Peter also realised the ambition of all soldiers when he won the Grand Military at Sandown on his own horse, Castletown. Last year he was prevented from taking the mount on Golden Holiday by reason of an accident, and Golden Holiday resents being ridden by anyone except Peter. I have mentioned Sir Peter's popularity, but the day his friends blessed him most was one day last Cambridgeshire week, when, after they 'd all had a stinker at Newmarket, Sir Peter came to the rescue with three winners at Manchester, and they 'd all had mixed doubles and a treble. There 's a friend for you!

MY final victim to-day is General "Kid" Kennedy, a very gallant soldier in the war, and nowadays the chairman of Tattersall's Committee. The General is one of the most Regular of the Regulars, and hardly ever misses a meeting; but, being in such close contact with backers and bookmakers, his own investments are very small, and he never lays odds, but is content to set himself out to win a modest sum, and, when he has accomplished it, shut up shop. A first-rate judge of racing, the General, who is one of the most youthful-looking men for his age I know, was a very efficient G.R. in his young days. "Kid" Kennedy is as well known by the members of the Victoria Club as he is by the members of White's, which is the equivalent of saying he is a great mixer. Everybody knows "Kid" Kennedy, everybody likes him.

·ROUNDABOUT

Swaebe

An Easy After a Run

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Glover photographed at their house near Cottesbrook, Northampton, after following the Pytchley at Maidwell

The Atherstone (South) Foxhounds Hunt Ball

Above: Lady Feilding, the Hon. William Feilding, Miss Cicely Hughes, and Commander Harding. Above, right: Miss Harmood-Banner, the daughter of Lady Harmood-Banner, of Boughrood Castle, Radnorshire, and Mr. Naville Crump at the Atherstone (South) Foxhounds' Hunt Ball at Newnham Paddox, Rugby

The Ladies' Golf Union Dinner

Swaebe

Left: Mrs. Dunlop-Hill talking to Mrs. Andrew Holm, British Open Golf Champion, at the L.G.U. Dinner at Grosvenor House. Further pictures on page 290

Right: Miss Ann de Montmorency, daughter of the well-known international golfer, leaving St. Ethelburga's Church, Bishopsgate, after her marriage to Mr. George H. Carbutt

Tivoli First-Nighters at "The Dictator"

Below, left: Lord and Lady Long, Mr. O. Roberts, and Miss Hewart at the first performance of "The Dictator," at the Tivoli

Below: Mr. L. Toeplitz de Grand Ry, the producer, and Clive Brook, who came to see himself play the hero, accompanied by his wife

A Lady Golfer Weds

Sasha

Skaters Snapped at St. Moritz

Jack Dunn, who is representing England in the world's championships, which are being held at Budapest, with Miss Joan Cullen and Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Mr. Howard Nicholson, the trainer of both Sonja Henie and Jack Dunn

Right: Captain Bankier, the trainer, who was formerly in the Welsh Guards, talking to Mrs. Cecil Brownhill at the recent Gatwick meeting

Seen at the Gatwick February Meeting

A Gatwick Competitor

Mr. Ralph Thrale with Mrs. Thrale and Miss Goodall. The horse is Mrs. Thrale's Non Plus, which was third in the Burstow 'Chase at Gatwick

Above: more guests at the Atherstone (South) Foxhounds Hunt Ball. The group includes Mr. Reginald Wright, joint-Master, Lady Dorothy Lygon, the Hon. Basil Feilding, Major and Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Dennis Aldridge, Mr. Tony Phillips, and Mr. Pat Adamson

Left: Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous scientist, arriving at Wilsford Church, near Salisbury, with his daughter, Rosalynde, for her marriage to Sir Harold Edgar Yarrow, head of the well-known shipbuilding firm

Right: Lord Northesk, Mrs. Shard, with her dachshund, Ginger of Ethie, and Lady Northesk with her dachshund, Dawn of Ethie, at Cruft's Dog Show

Courses without Divots

The Ladies' Golf Union Dinner at Grosvenor House

(1) Miss Doris Chambers, Mr. Small, and Miss Phyllis Wade (the English Ladies' Close Golf Champion). (2) Mr. A. P. F. Chapman (the Kent and England cricketer), Mrs. Andrew Holm (Ladies' Open Champion), and Lady Denman, D.B.E. (the chairman). (3) Miss M. M. Macfarlane (sec., L.G.U.), Mrs. Secker (South Africa), and Mrs. Field (Transvaal Champion). (4) Miss H. V. Smith, Miss Skinner, and Lady Eddis. (5) Mr. A. S. G. Thompson, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Mr. R. F. Garnham, and Mrs. R. F. Garnham. (6) Mr. Bernard Darwin, Miss Diana Plumpton, and Miss Doris Chambers. (7) Miss Nan Baird, Mr. R. J. McNair, and Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman. (8) Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. S. V. Hicks, Miss H. V. Smith, and Miss Horrocks

Left: Claude Davey, on the extreme left, the Welsh centre-three-quarter, well tackled in the International match against Scotland at Cardiff Arms Park, won by the home team by ten points to six

Below: W. R. Logan, of Edinburgh Wanderers, who played a fine game at scrum-half for Scotland, and gave W. C. Powell, his Welsh vis-à-vis, even more than he got, especially towards the end of the game

W. R. Logan

Wales against Scotland, at Cardiff

John Radnor on "Rugger"

The Leek Triumphant

CARDIFF has made a bold effort to equal Twickenham both in the size of a crowd and in the matter of skyscraper architecture.

There were, I am assured, over 70,000 people to watch Wales draw with England at Rugby Union Headquarters, and there must have been nearly as many to sing and cheer the men in scarlet on to a narrow victory over Scotland on the famous Cardiff Arms Park, which, happily, no longer is a synonym for mud and misery. A mysterious underground chamber to hold and then dispose of the tidal waters of the Taff has at least remedied the first defect. As for the architecture, Wales, for over a year now, have boasted one double-decker stand, a more fearsome-looking object even than the East and West and North stands way down among the villa residences of a London borough that not long ago was largely fields and now promises to become nearly as large as the city of Cardiff.

But this, it may be said, is more suited to the *Builders' Journal* than one of the cheery sporting pages of the BYSTANDER. A thousand apologies. I humbly admit that the play *is* the thing, and stands and crowds and what not of little account really—except, of course, to club secretaries and other harassed heroes.

Still, I must insist that there is such a thing as atmosphere, and there was a note in the Welsh singing and shouting—not to mention the discussions—on February 2nd that must have made even a New Zealander think. Lack of morale as well as lack of skill has kept Welsh Rugby down for the last fifteen years, but the optimists, at any rate, are now entitled to hope for a second "1905." And is there anyone in the whole Rugby world who does not know what that date means?

The great merit of the Welsh victory over Scotland lay in its stability—another word, perhaps, for morale—and skill. First of all, in the face of a high wind and a much livelier pack than their own, a pack, moreover, that included the incomparable Jock Beattie at his best, Wales found the way to attack repeatedly and to score two tries to one. Then, without their own incomparable little genius, C. W. Jones, at stand-off half, Wales recovered so well from the shock of a second Scottish try that they forced their opponents back once more into the rôle of a struggling and inferior side. Finally, a dropped goal did the trick.

Great work, this, by fourteen men, robbed of their guiding star and pivot, though it would be silly to sentimentalise over the ability of seven lusty forwards to hold eight previously outweighted men in the scrummage. That often occurs, as everyone knows, for fairly obvious, if severely technical reasons.

IT was more to the point that the remaining seven refused to be beaten in the loose by such a splendid force as the Scotsmen proved themselves to be. Beattie and his broad shoulders were almost unholdable at times, and Waters, Burnet, and Thom were worthy followers. D. Thomas, nearly as powerful as Beattie and a reformed character, happily, in what may be called the side-shows, along with Tom Day, who accomplished wonders in the line-out, were the chief Welsh heroes up in front.

Little Fear—one writes, of course, comparatively—had to spend half of the game as a wing three-quarter, instead of a winging forward. How relieved he must have been that his vis-à-vis, the beautifully-balanced Fyfe, had only one chance to run very far during the second forty minutes. Fear himself had one bare chance to get away, and he looked pained and shocked when he was quickly collared low—not by a back, but a great big forward. After all, a winging forward has his pride.

Behind the scrummage, Wales had approximately twenty minutes of brilliance in attack, twenty minutes of desperate defence, twenty minutes of sixes and sevens after the loss of Jones, yet never without a clear idea of how to use the invaluable wind at their backs, and finally, twenty minutes of worthy recovery in support of their gallant forwards. Wales were lucky to have so clever a player as Idwal Rees to fill the gap left by Jones: his kicking became of vital importance.

Jones's diagonal run to score the first try was a masterpiece of quick thinking and—though I have grown to loathe the word—psychology. He seemed to know that a defence in line expected him suddenly to turn in, and so raced right across their echelon, gaining ground all the time yet always keeping clear of a tackle.

Somebody asked: "Where was Johnston?" I grieve to admit that I cannot quite say for certain. But then, a standing defence always is a defence guessing hopelessly against a player like Jones. As for the second Welsh try, the forwards again did their bit; Jones then did his, Davey his, and Wooller, now a grand runner-in, his.

Jenkins was at fault with the place-kicks, and sometimes painfully slow of foot, but, when the time came, he drew his foot at a venture with a vengeance. To turn round when half-collared and drop a goal from over forty yards, even with the wind, was an effort to turn an opposing team's, and an unfavourable critic's, hair white. However, I suppose Jenkins, who really is a fine player, deserved to redeem himself in this way.

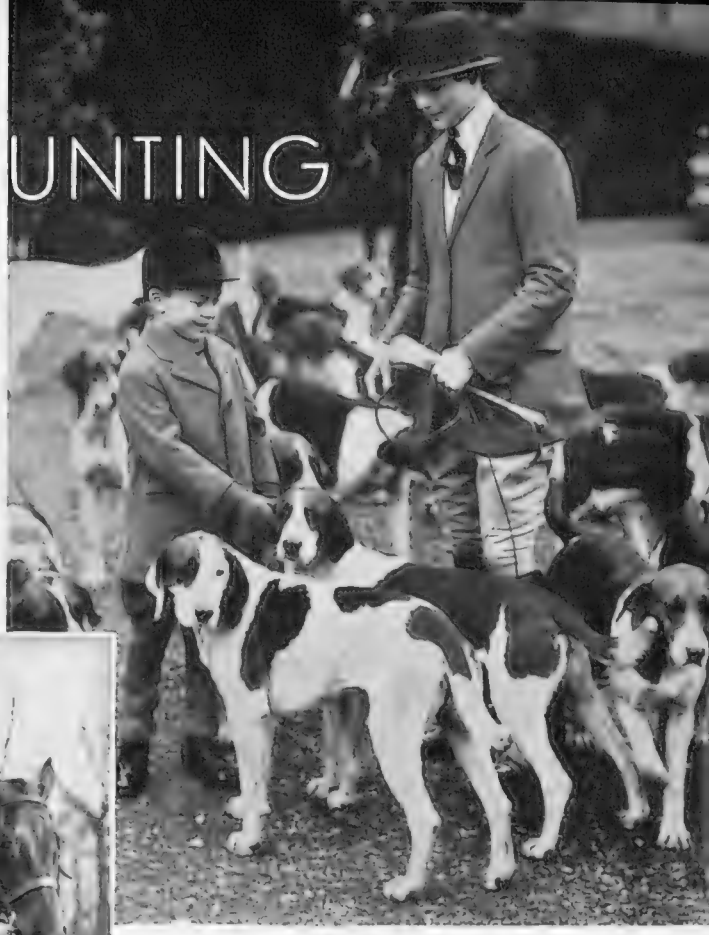
Scotland's try in the first half was a rare, rush try. The try which brought them level at the start of the second half and promised, inaccurately, a great Welsh heartbreak, came from a kick ahead, a recovery of the ball by Beattie, and a magnificent sprint for the line by Shaw, rather in the manner of Jones, but faster. Too late in the game, Scotland decided to make use of Shaw's speed in the stand-off position. This gave Wales more shocks, but their defence remained keen and watchful to the end and, like their cruelly long and accurate kicking to touch, mostly kept a desperate Scotland out of the danger-zone.

GOOD HUNTING

A Review of the Season

By Quintin Gilbey

Left: Mrs. Anthony Belville on Cuckoo. When recently riding with the Warwickshire, she jumped an enormous obstacle



The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Baillie, one of the best women riders astride, with her young son, Ian, at a children's meet of the Whaddon Chase held at Mentmore

Above: the Duke of Beaufort, one of the greatest of amateur huntsmen, who has made a profound study of fox-hunting

Left: Lady Warrender, at a meet of the Cottesmore at Exton Park, seen chatting with the Master, Mr. C. Hilton Green

Left: Commander F. J. Alexander, joint-Master of the Fernie with Sir Harold Wernher. It is to be regretted that the latter has announced his intention to retire

FOX-HUNTING during the season 1934-5 has prospered exceedingly, as one would expect it to in one of the most open winters in the memory of living man. Scent, for the most part, has been good, the going perfect, and, in consequence, nearly every pack will be able to look back on the season cherishing only the most pleasant recollections.

THOSE of you who read the opening paragraph and decide to go no farther will go away with the impression that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and that the great sport of fox-hunting is without enemies. How I wish that this idealistic state of affairs really existed; but although hunting has, so far, continued to prosper in the face of its enemies, they are, nevertheless, a constant source of danger.

WHEN I say "enemies," your mind immediately turns to the anti-blood-sport cranks, who, instead of hunting foxes, would have them destroyed in agony from poison, or give them a lingering death in a trap.

But it was not of these that I was thinking when I mentioned the enemies of fox-hunting. Nor was it that dread disease known as "foot-and-mouth," which has a way of breaking out in a series of districts just when hunting gets nicely under way.

NO; the real enemies of hunting are, more often than not, hunting people who profess an undying love of the sport and yet are continually doing and saying things likely to bring fox-hunting into disrepute.

A MASTER of Foxhounds who would desert the horn in favour of the pen—and particularly the poisoned pen—is the equivalent of a bishop who would go away for the week-end with a lady not his wife. We expect exemplary behaviour from M.F.H.s in the same way as we do from dignitaries of the Church.

A MAN who accepts the honour of being a Master of Hounds takes upon himself a tremendous responsibility; and the Master who does not make it a whole-time job is shirking his responsibilities. I do not intend in this article to lay down the duties of a Master, but I will say that the Master must support his farmers and also the local tradesmen; and this goes also for every member of the field as well.

JEALOUSY is at the root of nearly all the disputes in the hunting-field. How often one hears, from both sexes, the charming remark that of course So-and-So (mentioning an adjacent pack) have good sport, when they "touch them up" and bring them to the meet in a bag!

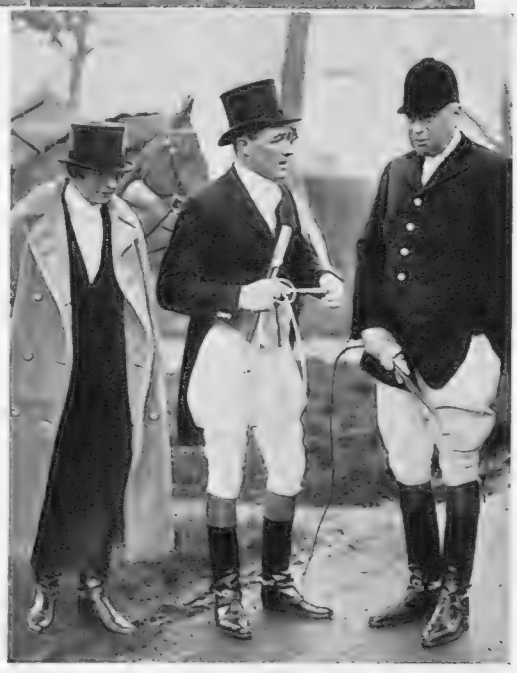
IN the same way that some Masters are convinced that every member of his field is a fool, there are any amount of people who consider that anything done by the Master must inevitably be the wrong thing. Loyalty to your Master should surely be one of your first principles, but I know of one pack where the joint-Masters would be damned even if they were assisted by Divine guidance. These two gentlemen may not have made their Mastership quite a full-time job, but

Mrs. Leo Partridge (left) and Lady Manton (right), two Dianas who both ride astride

they certainly have not merited the coals of fire heaped on them by some of the vindictive members of their field. In the same way that the cox of a boat-race crew cannot control the tide, neither can a Master or a huntsman control the scent.

AND now to the more cheerful task of introducing you to some of the people who are ornaments to the great sport of fox-hunting. The first person who comes to my mind is Sir Peter Farquhar, joint-Master of the Whaddon Chase with Lord Rosebery, with whom he gets on a treat, and assuredly one of the greatest amateur huntsmen any of us have seen for a long time.

PETER FARQUHAR came to the Whaddon from the Meynell, and, like many amateur huntsmen, he brought a number of his own hounds with him; and at the opening meet one of the oldest members of the hunt, being unable to recognise any of the hounds, burst into that old song, "Oh, Where, Oh Where, Have Our Little Dogs Gone?"



Above, left: Captain K Macdonald Buchanan, who is joint-Master of the Pytchley with Lieut.-Col. Lowther

Above: Lieut.-Col. Lowther, D.S.O., M.C., who is joint-Master of the Pytchley with Captain Macdonald Buchanan, seen above on the left

Left: Col. Gordon Colman and the Hon. Edward Greenall, joint-Masters, with Mrs. Gordon Colman at the meet of the Belvoir at Eastwell

Right: Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., Master of the Quorn, and one who is exceedingly popular in the country

Lady Fortescue, who rides side-saddle, is a fine rider to hounds

SIR PETER has shown great sport, and he is very ably supported by his kennel-huntsman and first whip, Maiden, whom he brought with him from the Meynell. Maiden hunted hounds extremely well when Sir Peter was laid up with a broken collar-bone. I need hardly say that Lord Rosebery goes as well as ever, which means that he is one of the best heavy-weights in the country: while the Hon. Mrs. Baillie is one of the best woman riders astride I have ever seen.

ANOTHER fine amateur huntsman is Mr. "Chatty" Hylton-Green, the Master of the Cottesmore, who, like the remainder of "the Shires," have enjoyed excellent sport this season; while perhaps the greatest of them all is the Duke of Beaufort. From his very early days "Master" was acclaimed a genius, and certainly no man has made a greater study of fox-hunting in its every aspect.

SOME men—and women, too, for that matter—are fated to be that extraordinary thing known in Fleet Street as "news," and such a man is Sir Harold Nutting, Bt., the Master of the Quorn. Whereas a number of people could break their necks without the daily Press getting the least excited, Sir Harold's horse has only to shy on the way to the meet, or cast a shoe on the way home for the papers to come out with head-lines. Sir Harold is a most excellent Master, is extremely popular in the country, and has a first-rate huntsman in George Barker.

ANOTHER Master who is always in the public eye is Sir Harold Wernher, joint-Master, with Commander Alexander, of the Fernie. Brown Jack is, of course, responsible for a good deal of this public adulation, and I hear that the hero of so many Alexandra Stakes is a grand hunter. Sad to relate, Sir Harold has announced his intention of retiring, and all followers of this great pack will hear the news with the greatest regret.

JOINT-MASTERS of the Belvoir are that great heavy-weight sportsman, Colonel Colman, and the Hon. Edward Greenall. The latter also acts as Field Master. Edward Greenall is very strict with his field, and if anyone overrides hounds he has no hesitation in making him or her jump back. Edward Greenall is one of the few Masters of Foxhounds who do not wear a hunting cap—wearing, instead, a swallow-tail coat and top-hat so as to be less conspicuous. The Belvoir have a great huntsman in George Tongue.

No huntsman took on a harder job than S. Barker when he succeeded, with the Pytchley, one of the greatest huntsmen of all time in Frank Freeman, and it speaks

(Continued on page 11)

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Miss Mary Borden's New Book

By A. G. Macdonell

No one is going to deny the quality of courage to Miss Mary Borden. A great many people may be angry with her for treating the story of the Crucifixion, and after, in a colloquial style and on "reasonable" lines. But at least it was a bold thing to do. The second of her two books has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann (7*s.* 6*d.*). It is called *The King of the Jews*, and it begins, where her previous volume left off, on the day of the Crucifixion, and it takes the tale up to the Gift of Tongues on the day of Pentecost and the utter confusion into which that event threw the whole world of Israel. And then, when the history is finished, Miss Borden brings her book to a beautiful falling cadence, after the tumults and the battlings, with a lovely imaginative description of the death of Mary of Magdala in the mountains from which "you could see very far to the south, down the Valley of the Jordan and across the plains of Gilead."

The King of the Jews seems to me to fall into three distinct parts. There is the part which is based exactly on the words of the New Testament, and this, as it was obviously the most difficult part to write, so is the most difficult part to criticise. Retelling an eternal tale is a tricky business at the best of times, and the reader is too often distracted by having to say to himself, "Is that sentence Luke or Borden?" The second part is Miss Borden's brilliant descriptions, in swift, clear miniatures, of the political position of the insignificant Roman province of Judæa under the Governor, Pilate. All this is scholarship, based on careful research, and backed, as scholarship so seldom is, by a power of putting words in the right order. And the third part, which is the core of the book, is Miss Borden's tale of the panics and doubts and terrors of the disciples after Mary Magdalene comes running to the house of John, in Jerusalem, with the tidings that Christ has risen and spoken to her in the garden. From there to the end, the story is a great piece of sustained imaginative narrative, with its climax in the vision that Peter saw on the Lake of Galilee when he was rowing, alone, wretched, tortured with the memory of the crowing cock and the three denials. I sincerely hope that Miss Borden intends to make a trilogy of it, and begin her third volume on the road to Damascus when Saul of Tarsus was struck blind.

Two years ago, when I was secretary of a movement that was trying to prevent Carlton House Terrace from being vandalised, my Committee wrote to ask Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis if he would assist us. Unfortunately, I cannot print in this extremely respectable journal the words in which Mr. Williams-Ellis indicated not only his willingness to assist, but also his opinion of the vandals, so all I can do is to say that they were a masterly combination of lucidity and emphasis. There was no possibility of mistaking his meaning. And these two qualities, lucidity and emphasis, are the key notes in *Architecture Here and Now* (Nelson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which he has just published in collaboration with Mr. John Summerson. This book, in 73 pages, and with dozens of admirable illustrations, runs quickly through centuries of architecture up to an explanation of the modern trend in architecture, which is so skilfully and so clearly written that the completest tyro can begin to grasp some of the elements of the art. I say this with the utmost confidence, because no one ever began to read page one of this book with a more abysmal ignorance of the principles of building anything (I once tried to build a window-box, but gave it up after eight days of struggle, by which time I had produced a sort of hexagonal coffin) than I did. But when I had finished page 73 I went out to dinner and entranced the lady beside me with a long description of the comparative merits of the Lintel and the Arch. At least, I suppose she was entranced. She did not say anything. And, anyway, I enjoyed myself. This is a book that everyone ought to buy. Yes, I know that that is a revolutionary suggestion, but nevertheless it is true. For 7*s.* 6*d.* you can get a completely new hobby which will while away any weary hour, if any building of any sort is at hand. It would be no good, I admit, in the heart of Texas. But for a wait at a railway junction, or a walk through London, or a compulsory visit to, say, Stockton-on-Tees, this hobby will be quite invaluable. So spring your three half-dollars and get a new interest in life.

Nicolas Bentley Drew the Picture

"Hey—what's the idea? I was asleep"

"Pilgrim Father," by Mr. Guy Austin (Bles; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is the story of a bold adventure which was attended by such atrocious bad luck that it might almost have been one of those Greek tragedies in which the hero is dogged throughout by elderly ladies with wings, snake-ringlets, and four rows of teeth. Mr. Austin, finding no niche for his theatrical talents in England, decided to cut adrift and go with wife and children to America, that land of apparently inexhaustible wealth and opportunity. He landed in 1930 with 500 dollars and a small private income, and got an excellent job. Then his family got scarlet fever one after the other; his firm went broke; and the Great Slump hit the United States like a tornado. Mr. Austin, undaunted, decided to run a theatre himself in New York with his last thousand dollars. It was a wildly rash thing to do, as Mr. Austin discovered when he came up against the graft, the racketeering, the Trades Union blackmail, the crook lawyers, the Tammany swindlers, and all the parasites of the New York theatrical world, and he lost his entire capital in a fortnight. Like a wise man, Mr. Austin retired from the scene of his defeat and went down to beachcomb in an island off Florida, and the rest of his book is a pleasant enough chatter about cotton and alligators and old negroes and the Greek sponge-fishers on the Gulf of Mexico. But it is more of a travelogue, and has not the vigour or the exciting quality of his earlier chapters. But there is hope yet. In the last chapter, Mr. Austin does more than hint that his visit to Florida was a case of recoiling to jump better, and that he is planning another assault upon the terrible cities of the north. If he does, I hope he will write another book about his adventures.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Harben

This lovely frock for the spring bride, has been designed and carried out by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is made in silver lamé, similar to that which was worn by the Duchess of Kent at her wedding, and is cut on classical lines with long, tight sleeves. The fluted neckline, which stands out like the calyx of a flower, is original and very becoming. A wreath of orange-blossom holds the tulle veil in position

For Sports and Country Wear

No wardrobe is complete without several jumpers. Those pictured above are from Gordon Lowe's, 23, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge. The one on the left is in a new knitted material which looks like linen but is really wool. It is obtainable in dusty pink and other colours, and has an attractive yoke collar. On the right is a feather-weight cashmere pull-over in blue and beige stripes

A delightfully youthful jumper in knitted lisle thread, with contrasting stripes and a turn-down collar, is seen on the left. It also comes from Gordon Lowe's, who specialise in sportswear of every description. It is essentially practical as well as becoming, as it washes and will not shrink. In a variety of attractive colours, it only costs 8s. 6d., and would be ideal for cruising

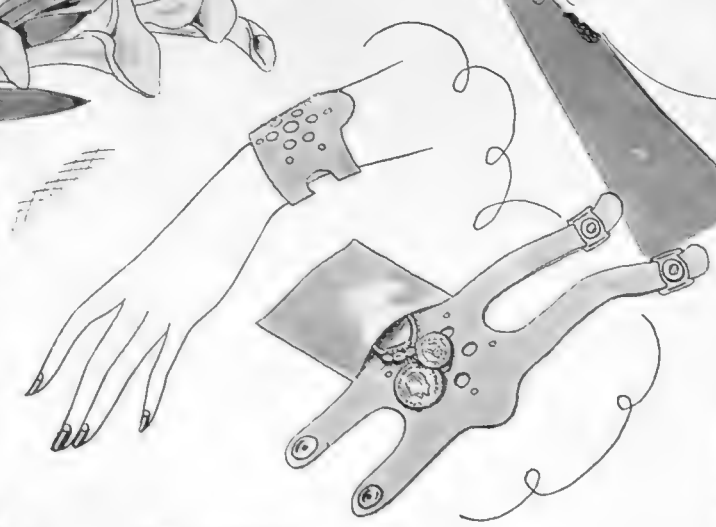
Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of Novelties

discovered by Peta pictured by Pam

The woman who hunts will appreciate the fox-and-hound book-ends at the top of the page. They are made of oak, with hand-carved heads. Next door is a combined silver cigarette-case and flask for taking on a day's shooting; also an iodine pen, in case of accidents. This is worked on the same principle as a fountain-pen, and only costs 3s. 6d. All three may be seen at Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly

This year's débutante will carry feathers in her hand as well as in her hair. These bouquets have been designed by Goodyear, Royal Arcade, Bond Street, the well-known florist. The ostrich-feather makes a lovely background for the bouquet on the left, while the sheath of arum lilies on the right provides a contrast and should accompany a dress cut on classical lines



The Li-Lo bathing purse is made of coloured rubber, and is indispensable for carrying keys, money, and jewellery while bathing. It is worn on the wrist like a watch, and may be seen at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge

Here are two ultra-smart evening coiffures created by Maison Francis, 3, Hanover Square. In the top picture, curls cluster up the back and across the top of the head, and are held in position by a halo-shaped comb. Below is another variation, in which curls in great profusion are centred on the top of the head, which is encircled by a band of black velvet

Golf Clubs at Home

Brand Hill, Quinton, Nr. Birmingham

(1) A. Lowe (ex-Irish Amateur Champion), B. Thomas, J. Allen, and Geoffrey Litherland. (2) S. O. White (captain of the club) and L. N. Wilkes (ex-captain). (3) A. W. Neighbour (Hon. Sec.) and S. Smith. (4) A. M. Harper, F. A. Brookes and W. Stanton (all members of committee). (5) F. Gibberson and T. E. Grant. (6) Albert Carter and W. Hooton. (7) B. Gadd (professional) and H. W. Dunning (club steward). (8) A. R. Gilbert and W. D. Dorman. (9) W. F. Duff and A. E. Middleton

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

'Varsity Doings

Oxford University Beats West Hill

H. N. Clapham (West Hill), C. R. Chronander (West Hill), A. A. Duncan (Oxford), and K. B. Scott (Oxford). Scott and Duncan won this foursome by one hole

Above: Captain G. A. Moxon (West Hill) and W. A. Murray (West Hill), captain. They played together in the foursomes

Right: D. F. Ashmore (Oxford), J. B. Shackell (Oxford), L. Godsell (West Hill), and J. F. Jackson (West Hill). Match halved

"BYSTANDER" £500
Open Amateur Tournament
FELIXSTOWE
March 23rd and 24th, 1935
For Conditions, Entries, etc., see this week's back cover

In the annual match between Cambridge University and the Sunningdale Golf Club, Cambridge won two singles and two foursomes, and halved two singles, and consequently lost on the day's play by 12 matches to 4. On paper, this may not appear a very good performance, but if you take into consideration the strength of the Sunningdale team, you will probably agree with me that Cambridge have good reason to be satisfied with this result. Sunningdale Golf Club had discarded its policy of recent years of playing entirely different teams against Oxford and Cambridge, and fielded the strongest side available. When I first saw the Sunningdale side, I thought it quite possible that Cambridge would not win a single match. The strength of this team was well demonstrated when it was seen that Sir Robert McLean, who has tied for a scratch medal at St. Andrews with such distinguished players as D. H. Kyle, who was leading the side, and T. A. Torrance, our Walker Cup captain, and one of the few Britons who have won a single against the United States, played in the last place, and that the eleventh place was occupied by a player who had won a National Championship. It was a very fine performance on the part of P. B. Lucas and P. W. Marsham to beat N. Carr Selway, the Sunningdale stylist, and K. A. S. Morrice, who are the holders of the London Amateur Foursomes Shield. The victory was not a fluke, and if they had not been stymied on two occasions late in the round it would have been considerably greater. Marsham was the hero of the match, and played extremely well to hold his side together in the early stages, when Lucas was a little unsteady. D. H. Kyle, the Scottish International and Walker Cup player, who was playing first for the club, was defeated by Lucas. Kyle is probably the most difficult man to beat over the Old Course at Sunningdale, and to do so is a triumph for any golfer; for a Freshman to do so is certainly a phenomenal performance. Kyle was stymied on the sixteenth green as the result of an indifferent approach putt, and, obviously upset by this misfortune, played a bad tee shot to the seventeenth and lost the hole, to be one down for the first time during the round. I do not think, however, that Kyle can blame this stymie for the most indifferent second shot he played to the last hole, when a four would probably have saved the match.

This is yet another example of how mental the game of golf is. In medal play, the taking of three putts, or the missing of a short putt, is very often in a large way responsible for the subsequent tee shot also being played badly. Instead of concentrating on the stroke to be played, the player is still thinking what a fool he was to miss the previous putt. One of many reasons why Walter Hagen is such a successful golfer is because he has the strength of will to eliminate from his mind the shots that have gone before, and is thus able to concentrate more keenly on the shots that are to be played. How often in a medal round, your partner, who has had a bad hole early in the round, continually reminds himself and you of this disaster by repeating, like a parrot, "If only I had not had a six at the fourth, I would be going very well!"

The other Cambridge success in the singles was the victory of G. O. Peake over Captain C. G. B. Stevens. It was certainly a very fine performance for an undergraduate to defeat the holder of the Royal Medal which was presented to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club by His Majesty King William V. On the same day that Cambridge were playing Sunningdale, Oxford just scraped home against West Hill. The leading University foursome pair, Pennick and de Quincey, like their opposite numbers at Sunningdale, put up a fine exhibition to beat W. A. Murray and Captain G. A. Moxon by 4 and 3. In this match there were no fewer than six stymies, five of which were successfully negotiated. This is certainly an argument against those who wish to see the stymie rule rescinded. I have always argued that in the game of golf the ball should be played where it lies, and also that it is impossible to obstruct a golf ball by another ball in such a manner that the ball further from the hole cannot be holed. There are various ways of negotiating a stymie: by pitching over the obstructing ball; by pulling round the obstructing ball; and by cutting round the obstructing ball. I cannot see why a player who can play these shots should not reap the benefit of his skill. J. B. Beck seldom fails to loft a stymie, and W. A. Murray to either pull or slice round one off the toe or heel of his long-faced putter. You very often find a player blames a stymie for losing a hole, when, even if his opponent's ball was not obstructing him, he would have been very unlikely to have holed the putt; and some players, who, I am afraid, must have an excuse for every defeat, often claim that they have been stymied, when they have had ample room to hole their putt. Pennick, the Oxford captain and leader, fell from his pedestal with a wallop at West Hill, when he was defeated by W. A. Murray by the large margin of 6 and 5. Murray seldom allows himself to be beaten by an undergraduate.

Last week Miss Ann de Montmorency was married to Mr. George Carbutt. Miss de Montmorency had a most successful season in foursome golf in 1934. In fact, I think she is entitled to be called "The Foursome Queen," as she won three foursome tournaments—namely, the Bystander Spring Medal Foursomes, the Central England Mixed Foursomes, and the Bystander Autumn Foursomes. She thus proved herself a most capable golfer in every phase of the game, as her victories were obtained in medal as well as in match play, and on courses which varied from the long-testing West Course at Wentworth to the short course at Ranelagh. I am sure her many golfing friends will join with me in wishing Mrs. George Carbutt good health, good golf, and great happiness If she is as good a partner in the mixed foursome of life as she is in the foursome of golf, we need have no qualms concerning her future happiness.

Not only the members of the Sunningdale Golf Club, but also the large number of golfers who have visited this club, will deeply regret the death of J. H. Smith, the head waiter. Smith was a most loyal, faithful, and efficient servant to the club for over twenty-five years. He always insisted on the rules being obeyed to the letter, and on one occasion refused admittance to the precincts of the club to the great Bobby Jones.

Rugby Clubs at Home: "The Club," Blackheath

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Lionel Bailey

Harley Rees

Brian Black, the skipper

Charlie Hemmerds

Capt. "Reggie" Bowes

Carl Aarvold, hon. sec.

Dr. Hughie

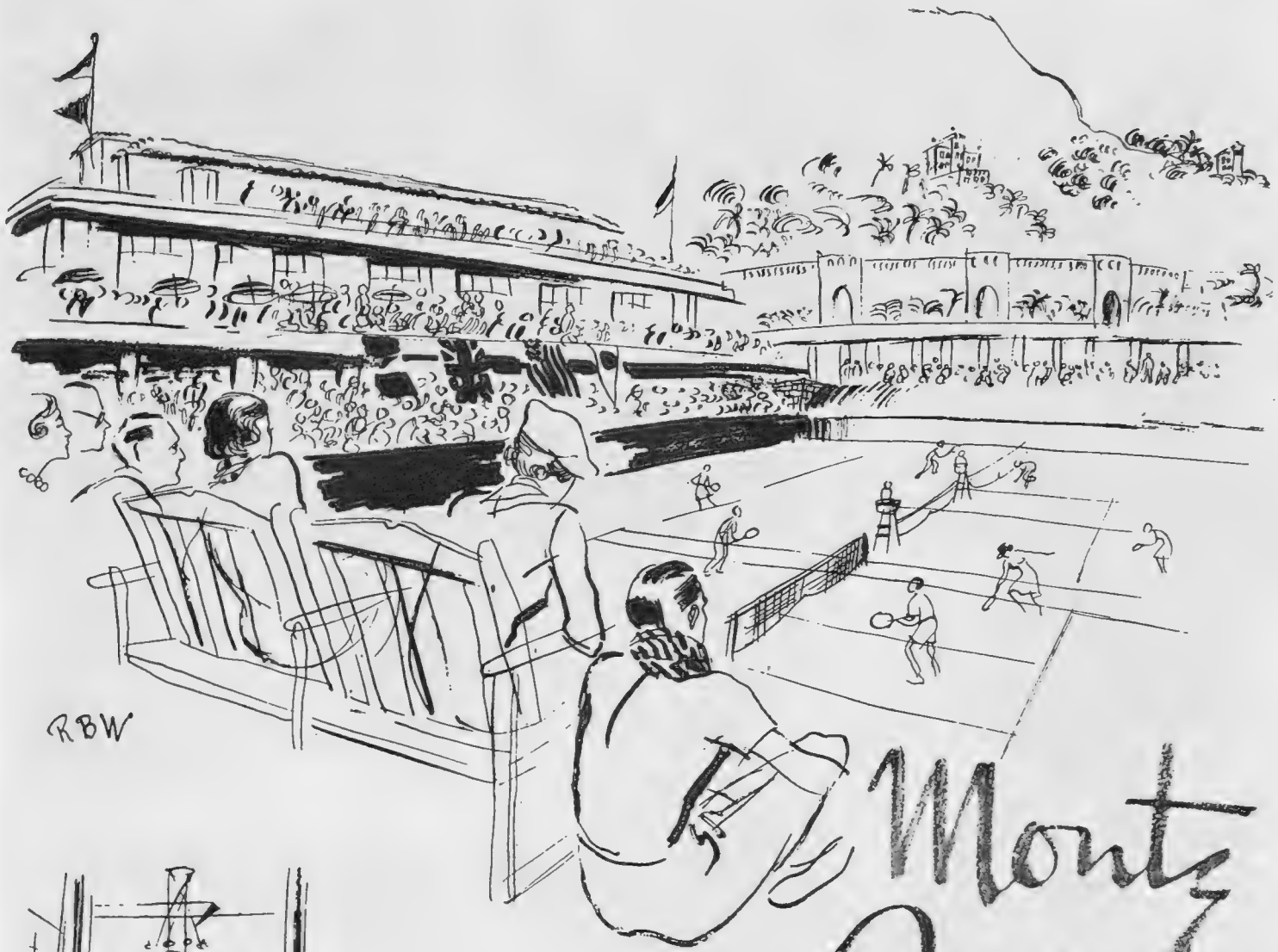
Gordon Cridlan

Dick Brandram

"Didds" Pratten

Cecil Williams, hon. treas.

D. J. Kemp



Monte Carlo

Games gain here, even for those who, like myself, do not care for them elsewhere, a certain attraction. The players are so apt, the scenes so delightful. It is as though the air and sun brought to the body a new suppleness. Here, whatever your athletic ambition it will be fulfilled, for in the realm of sport, as in every other direction, Monte Carlo grants you your desire. And you will consume a cocktail after the game, not because you are tired, but from your pleasure in living.

Osbert Sitwell

You may not be aware that twice weekly the return fare to Monte Carlo (including sleepers) is subject to considerable reduction.

Staying in Monte Carlo is not expensive even at the best hotels, where an extremely attractive feature, the "pension tournante", gives you the right to take your meals at the "Sporting Club" or the Café de Paris as well as in the hotel restaurants.

Oxford at Hockey

Above, left: John W. Seamer (Marlborough and B.N.C.), captain of the Oxford University hockey team. Also a cricket Blue, he plays for Somerset. Above, centre: Derek F. Walker (Uppingham and Brasenose), Oxford's centre-forward, who will be captain of the cricket eleven next season. Above, right: A. D. Robertson (Tonbridge and Oriel), another of Oxford's hockey Blues, who has been chosen to play in the Scottish hockey trial

More Oxford Hockey Blues

Two Freshman awarded their Blues: John D. Anderson (Uppingham and B.N.C.), who captained his school at hockey, lawn tennis, and "Rugger," and Michael Walford (Rugby and Trinity), a very fine all-round athlete

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WHEN a bloodstained towel came fluttering into the ring from Jack Petersen's corner at Wembley the other night, the young Welshman's stock slumped by I dare not say how many thousands of pounds.

Victory over Walter Neusel, the German heavy-weight, would have meant much to Petersen. It would—and this is most important—have re-established the prestige which he lost when he could only defeat that seasoned campaigner, George Cook, after fifteen weary rounds. Yet there it is: Neusel opened an old wound underneath the Welshman's left eyebrow; the German played heavily on the injury, and the rest was inevitable.

There are some dismal folk who will have it that by this defeat Petersen has practically ruined his prospects. I do not agree, although I must frankly admit that the British champion has slipped a very long way back. Still, he is only twenty-three years old (young, even when sport's breathless rush soon takes toll on youth), and I feel that, with the right kind of coaching in the next twelve months or so, he may yet reach the top.

Facts must be faced in the Welshman's camp. Straightway it must be recognised that although he is champion of Britain, Petersen has a terrific amount to learn. Perhaps—and this I have often thought—Petersen is the best of our heavy-weights at a time when the stock is not at its best. Nature, after all, must be in the mood to give us our world-beaters; and to-day the supply of raw material would not seem to be up to standard. How, I wonder, would Petersen be classed were the clock to be put back? Compare him with Georges Carpentier, whom he resembles facially, if not always fistically, or with Jack Dempsey or Gene Tunney and the rest.

The Rosslyn Park Rugby Football Club Dinner at the Café Royal

Commander Gilbert and Sir Percy Daniels, chairman

A. C. Lusty, the Park's captain, and D. R. S. Bader

F. Stoy, C. L. Hind, and A. C. Miller

Oxford's Full-Course Trial

An action picture of the Oxford crew taken during their full-course trial at Henley, whither they have migrated far earlier than usual for training. The Oxford oarsmen are showing good form, and it is hoped this year the Senior University may break the sequence of monotonous defeats

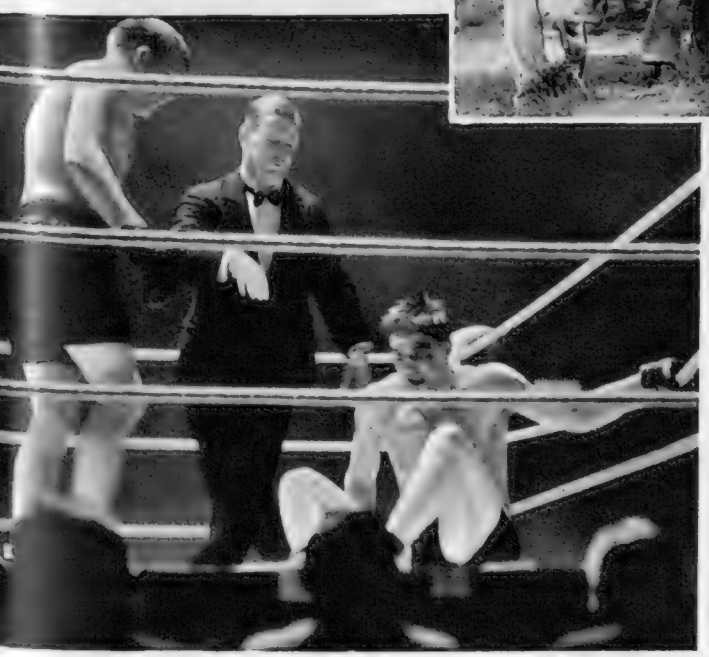
Oxford at "Soccer"

The Southern Amateur League beat Oxford by 3 goals to 2, and the picture shows J. Lee, the Oxford goalkeeper, just failing to get his hands to the ball

Sunningdale Plays Cambridge University

Above, top: C. D. Gray (Sunningdale), J. S. L. Lyon (Cambridge), R. H. Oppenheimer (Sunningdale), and H. C. Neilson (the Cambridge captain). Sunningdale won this foursome by two and one and the match by twelve to four

Above: K. A. S. Morrice (Sunningdale), N. C. Selway (Sunningdale), P. W. Marsham (Cambridge), and P. B. Lucas (Cambridge), who played in a foursome won by the 'Varsity by two and one



Left: "Pa" Petersen threw in the towel in the eleventh round of the fight between Jack Petersen and Walter Neusel (Germany) at Wembley

A Set-back for Petersen

IT would have been better for Petersen, I feel sure, had he had to battle along through a host of preliminary bouts. As it is, he gets thrust into the limelight almost at the start of his career, and in a remarkably short time he is fighting for—and winning—the British cruiser- and heavy-weight titles. He has "arrived" before he has had more than a handful of contests.

Yet, undoubtedly Petersen has shown glimpses of greatness. At times I have seen him crash home a right-hand punch in the best Carpentier style; again, I have seen him using a straight left in really classic style; while, with it all, he has the personality without which your champion can never touch greatness.

Petersen has all these qualities. He is a rough diamond—all he needs now is a little polishing. But where is the man to do this? Ever since he set out as a boxer, Petersen has been trained by his father, who, in his day, was a very good amateur fighter. But can "Pa" Petersen take his son any farther? That's the question.

As I see it, there is no man in England who could have done more for the champion than his father. But I do believe that some of the great boxing coaches abroad would be able to bring out just that little extra bit of punching power and defensive skill which would put Petersen in the world class. And at once the name of Georges Carpentier comes to mind; here, if he could only be persuaded to take on the job, is the very man to shape Petersen's future.

CARPENTIER was the greatest right-hand puncher the ring has ever known. When we saw him give an exhibition, not so long ago, he still looked good: there was the same crisp hitting, the splendid footwork, the superb defence which stamped him once as the finest fighter in Europe, if not in the world. I am not saying the Frenchman could come back to a glorious ring career, but he could certainly go into Petersen's training quarters at Cardiff and give the British champion some very useful advice.

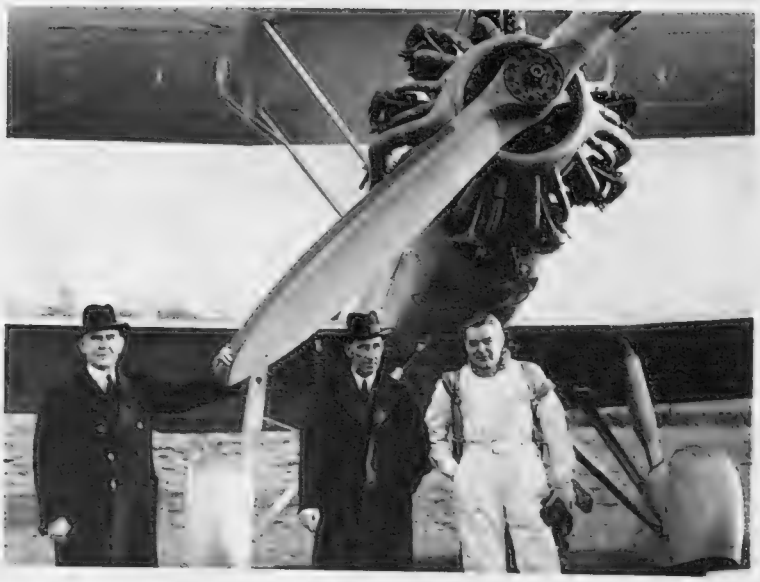
Were Petersen to be sparring daily with Carpentier, I am certain he would be a 100 per cent. better boxer. Under the guidance of the old master, we should then really see the new Petersen!

AND now, before I leave boxing, let me draw attention to the splendid sportsmanship of the Wembley crowd on the night when Petersen tumbled to defeat. Neusel's victory must have been a bitter disappointment to many, but the cheers for the German were very warm as he left the ring.

My only wish as I sat at the ringside was that Eddie Pierce, the young South African fighter, could have heard the cheers for the German. Pierce, since returning home, has been saying that English boxing is not as clean as it might be: there are, he declares, too many "home town" decisions. The Wembley referee—and the Wembley crowd—gave the lie to this very churlish statement.

TALKING of crowds, did you notice the Football Association's recent circular to referees on the subject of spectators—and, of course, rough play on the field? I happen to know that the Association are very

(Continued on page 304)



The New Zealand Government has ordered the Vickers "Vildebeest" as a torpedo-bomber for defence purposes. On the left is Sir James Parr, the High Commissioner in London, with Sir Robert Maclean, chairman of Vickers Aviation, and Mr. John Summers, the company's test pilot

Flying Club Prospects

By Charles Ward

More People Taking to the Air

LAST year the flying clubs reached a new high level in the number of members and in hours flown. Twenty-six clubs, with a membership of more than 7000, of whom 4000 were on the active flying list, accounted for a total of more than three million miles in the air. An average of 100 aircraft were in use, most of these being Moths, with a sprinkling of B.2 Trainers, Avians, and, latterly, an occasional Autogiro. This last type will be in use at many aerodromes by the end of this year, its slow landing qualities, coupled with its ability to "mark time" in the air, being appreciated by sufficient members to justify the expense of adding an Autogiro to the existing fleet. The number of hours flown per aircraft is an indication of the reliability and sturdy construction of the British light 'plane—the Brooklands fleet averaged 678 hours per 'plane during 1934; the Herts and Essex Club, with five machines, averaged 570 hours; and Cardiff, with two, 514 hours. Six hundred hours in the air, equivalent to 50,000 miles of flying, made up of innumerable short journeys and several thousand landings, imposes a severe strain on the whole of the "works," and the British light 'plane owes its popularity throughout the world to its ability to accept punishment without breaking down.

Empire Air Day and Other Events

EMPIRE AIR DAY, on Saturday, May 25th, is to be a great event, judging by the success of the first of its kind organised by the Air League in 1934. The National Council of Light Aeroplane Clubs has agreed that full co-operation will be offered by its members, and the League appeals to "B" licence pilots to put their services at the disposal of the nearest club, in order that the general public may have plenty of opportunity to fly. Similarly, owner-pilots are asked to associate themselves with the nearest club, so that as many 'planes as possible may be available to carry passengers. There will be functions at a number of municipal aerodromes this season, and the Air Council has been asked for R.A.F. support in the form of flying displays at Leicester, Newcastle, and Brighton.

The Public Schools' Aviation Camp will be pitched at Mousehold, under the auspices of the Norfolk and Norwich Club, during August and September. There is accommodation for twenty boys, and the fee for the course, including a month in camp, nine hours' flying instruction, and three hours' solo, will be £30. As it is unlawful for anybody under seventeen years of age to fly in sole charge of a 'plane, the camp is limited for all practical purposes to those between seventeen and nineteen, which is, incidentally, just the age at which several thousand pilots learnt to fly during the late war. The first annual dinner of the R.A.F. Flying Club will be held on Friday next, February 15th, and in June their flying display will be given at Hatfield. Some small indication of the success of this club, which was formed in April 1933, may be gleaned from the facts that it has 136 members—all of whom, of course, are active pilots—and a credit balance at the bank, this being achieved without financial assistance from the Government—or, for that matter, from anybody except its own members.

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 303)

concerned over the way things are going just now, for in the battle for points in the League there are some men who are using stop-at-nothing tactics.

It is all very lamentable, but it will go on until the black sheep are banished from the "Soccer" fold. Go among professional footballers, and you will hear the names of the men who do all the damage. The players have their private "black list," so to speak, of the men to watch for rough play and questionable tactics. I would suggest that the referees get together such a list, and that the F.A. should deal very drastically with those players on it if, and when, they are ordered off the field.

I know of a footballer, now finished with the game, who should have been ordered off every Saturday he played. He finished one man's career for good, and he was responsible for many a fine performer having to go on the casualty list for several weeks. Such men are dangerous. As the public enemies of football, they should be ruthlessly dealt with.

NOT so seasonable as "Soccer," but certainly in the news just now, is lawn tennis. The recent Davis Cup draw has raised the question whether Britain will carry enough guns this year to defend the Cup successfully. Everything would seem to hinge on Perry, and, of course, the attitude of the International Federation regarding the question of the film-making ban on amateurs.

With Perry in our Davis Cup team, I do not see why we should be beaten. One thing is imperative, however, and that is the finding of a doubles team. I am afraid that, sterling player though he is, G. P. Hughes does not "team up" with Perry altogether too happily. So why not a Perry-Austin combination? I happen to know that one of our foremost tennis experts—a great player in his day—thinks Austin our best man in doubles. If he partnered Perry, Britain might, for once, win a doubles match.

I do trust that some thought will be given to the question. And if Perry and Austin are to go into partnership, the L.T.A. must see that they play together on every possible occasion.

The L.G.U. Dinner at Grosvenor House

Mrs. E. Hepworth, Mrs. A. Stork (gen. sec., West Bradford), Mrs. Walter Leach (hon. sec., Yorkshire County), Miss Ruth Briggs; and centre, front, Mrs. Charles Day (hon. sec., Dewsbury and District)

Mrs. Allsop (captain Northumberland County), Mrs. Gordon-Luhrs, Mrs. J. Morton (Durham County captain), Miss C. M. Brims (hon. sec., Northumberland County), Miss K. W. Brims, and Mrs. C. W. Miller Potts (hon. treas., Durham County) at the L.G.U. Dinner, held at Grosvenor House

FROM MONS TO 1933

by **Capt. Gerald Lowry,** O.St.J.
(the famous blind Osteopath).

'Photo: "Worthing Herald."
THE AUTHOR

A book of special interest to all active sportsmen and women, particularly those devoted to Hunting and Winter Sports.

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Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor Photo. by Walter Bird.

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What's On

(Continued from page A)

MUSIC

Orchestral

BRITISH WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Solo violin, Guila Bustabo; conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

ELIJAH.—1000 performers, ballet scenery costumes; Albert Coates conducts: Albert Hall, 8. Wed. and Sat., 2.30 till February 23rd.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Brahms concert; conductor, Félix Weingartner: Queen's Hall, February 18th, 8.15.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—London Philharmonic Orchestra; Alma Moodie; conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham: Queen's Hall, February 14th, 8.15.

THURSDAY 12 O'CLOCKS.—British Symphony Orchestra; pianist, Adela Verne; conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent: Aeolian Hall, February 14th.

Recitals

KURT APPLEBAUM.—Schubert recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

ELENA CAVALCANTI — Pianoforte recital: Aeolian Hall, February 14th, 8.30.

TILLY CONNELY and JOHN TOBIN.—Works for one and two pianos: Aeolian Hall, February 19th, 8.30.

CORTOT—Chopin recital: Wigmore Hall, February 16th, 3.

HAROLD FIELDING—Violin recital Aeolian Hall, February 15th, 8.15.

RAYA GARBOUSOVA—Violincello recital: Wigmore Hall, February 18th, 8.30.

GEORGE HARTEN.—Pianoforte recital: Wigmore Hall, February 14th, 8.30

KUTCHER QUARTET—Wigmore Hall, February 15th, 8.30.

BLANCHE MARCHESI.—Song recital; Maud Allan's Private Theatre, West Wing, Outer Circle, Regent's Park, February 17th, 5.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carl Hyson's Follies of 1935, Second Edition; Louis Simmonds's band, and Java and his Tzigane orchestra: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and the grill; Ronald Frankau appears at midnight.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Miss Elisabeth Welch, Mistress of Song; at the piano, Kenneth Broadberry; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—Midnight Follies, Spring Edition of 1935, is a short revue, with new turns from New York; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House: Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret; extension night, Wednesday.

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guitter's band: extension night Tuesday.

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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Women's Golf

Foursomes Changes

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I AM sorry about it, but you will have to take your impressions of the L.G.U. Dinner at Grosvenor House from the pretty pictures which adorn this issue. With the best will in the world, I could not get there, because, being stretched upon a bed of sciatica, I could not put one foot in front of the other, not no-how, as it were, to get there. It is most disappointing. I wanted to hear Lady Denman, Mrs. Lewis Smith, Mrs. Secker, Sir Guy Campbell, A. P. F. Chapman, and Bernard Darwin speak, all of them are always such fun; but what can't be, can't. I hope you observe how philosophical I am growing, as becomes a temporary (very) cripple.

Mrs. C. Angwin

Of Renfrewshire, who recently won the Ladies' Golf Championship of India for the second time in succession. She beat Mrs. A. A. Marr, a former Moray and Nairn champion, by one up on the Royal Calcutta Golf Course

As well as the dinner, I shall have to miss the L.G.U. Annual Meeting, which I mind even more; for one thing, because things are going to happen there, if I am not much mistaken, and also because I should hate anybody to think that I am discreetly keeping out of the way, after some of the criticisms I have dared to make of the L.G.U. during the past twelve months. Probably, though, nobody will pay the slightest heed to whether I am there or not; after all, one is only one of many pebbles on the beach, not seen, quickly forgotten. (See how the habit of philosophy grows upon me.) However, such a little thing as not being there will not deter me from writing about the Annual Meeting. A faithful courier will bring me a verbatim report and her own impressions as soon as the meeting is over, and I will retail it all to you next week.

OUR Foursomes this year seem fated to change either of venue or date. First the Spring Medal, changed to St. George's Hill; and now the Scottish Foursomes, are changed from June 11th to June 4th. That has been done because the Scottish Championship has had to shift to a week earlier on account of the Great Britain v. France match, and it is extremely kind of Lossiemouth to allow the change to be made. Personally, I think it is a very good change, for now our Scottish Foursomes will begin on the Tuesday following the Thursday finish of the Ladies' Open Championship. Now, what could be pleasanter than to go to Newcastle, County Down, by way of Stranraer and Larne, and then, the Championship over, to motor leisurely up from Stranraer and dive into those blue, blue hills, to reach Lossiemouth on her northern firth? Besides, this change will keep Scottish Foursomes clear of the Midlands Championship, and I know Miss Craddock-Hartopp and Miss Bridget Newell had designs on the Scottish Foursomes, but did not see how to desert the Midland event at Hawkstone. It is pleasant to see distinguished invaders like that having a tilt at the Scotties, who, in turn, give a warm welcome in every sense of the word to any invaders. So let us hope that everybody will be as pleased as I am at the change.

By the way, entry forms for the Northern Foursomes, to be played at Ganton, April 2nd to 5th, will appear in this paper next week.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Change of Date

The "Bystander's" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

will be played at Moray (Lossiemouth) on

JUNE 4th to 7th, 1935

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343

Modern Aids to Beauty

It goes without saying that obvious make-up is out of place in the hunting field. Elizabeth Arden's "Tweeds" lipstick, however, is a dark and absolutely natural shade which only accentuates the normal colour of the lips. Being a cream paste, it also acts as a protector

Women Who Hunt

WOMEN who go in for hunting, shooting, and other outdoor sports, are inclined to forget that their complexions, as well as their clothes, should be in harmony with their surroundings. This is especially the case with people who live in London and periodically go down to the country. They do not realise that town make-up and country make-up are two totally different things, and that their skin, being naturally very sensitive, requires extra care and protection.

Protecta Cream

ELIZABETH ARDEN, 25, Old Bond Street, has included among her many excellent preparations certain creams made especially for the woman who hunts and leads an open-air existence. First of all, the skin should be "washed" night and morning with a pad of cotton wool dipped in Ardena Skin Tonic and Venetian Cleansing Cream. This feathery cream liquefies with the warmth of the skin and penetrates the pores, where it dissolves and dislodges all impurities, while the Skin Tonic tones the muscles and helps to keep the tissues active and healthy. In the morning this should be followed by Protecta Cream mixed with a little Skin Tonic. This cream is guaranteed weatherproof, and will protect the skin from sun, wind and rain. It is made in five shades, and can also be used in the evening, as it makes an ideal foundation cream, and gives a velvety finish which will last throughout the day or evening, as the case may be.

Redhead Rouge and Tweeds Lipstick

REGARDING the question of make-up, it goes without saying that obvious make-up is out of place in the hunting field. Elizabeth Arden has, however, produced an absolutely natural rouge called Redhead rouge. This is a cream which looks almost brown in the jar, but, when applied, melts into the skin and picks up any natural colour there. To accompany it, there is a new lipstick called "Tweeds," which is so natural that it only serves to accentuate very slightly the normal colour. Being a cream paste it preserves the softness of the lips, and if these show a tendency to get chapped, Pomade Blanche should be applied first.

Anti-Wrinkle Cream

AFTER a long day, it is advisable to take a quick treatment while dressing for dinner. Having thoroughly cleansed the skin with cream and tonic, apply a little Anti-Wrinkle Cream and smooth it all over the face and round the eyes. This fragrant preparation contains nourishing and astringent properties which soften and smooth away any little lines, at the same time tightening up the tissues, so that within a very short time the skin looks fresh and young again. A good time to do this is while resting or having a bath. It costs 4s. 6d. a jar, and contains fresh eggs, among other ingredients.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best Net Scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

January Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Hew Wardrop	Woodhall Spa	88	17	71	74	3 below
Mrs. E. M. Rhodes	Harrogate	78	4	74	74	All square
Miss N. Williams	Coxmoor	83	11	72	72	"
Mrs. M. Macleod	North Hants	89	14	75	74	1 above
Miss M. Wall	Weston-super-Mare	82	5	77	75	2 "
Mrs. N. Barke	Coxmoor	89	15	74	72	2 "
Mrs. Russell	North Hants	92	16	76	74	2 "
Mrs. M. Panikkar	St. Anne's Old Links	84	6	78	74	4 "
Miss M. M. Hall	Wollaton Park	95	17	78	74	4 "
Mrs. Musgrave	West Bradford	102	16	86	71	15 "
Mrs. Haynes	West Bradford	104	18	86	71	15 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. E. E. King	Calcutta Ladies	93	29	64	73	9 below
Miss A. Kendrick	Tamworth	94	26	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Eric Shaw	Cleveland	97	27	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Denis Israel	Wentworth	104	34	70	74	4 "
Mrs. C. R. Hatfield	Calcutta Ladies	90	20	70	73	3 "
Miss N. Macgillycuddy	North Hants	107	36	71	74	3 "
Mrs. H. B. Sharp	West Bowling	88	19	69	71	2 "
Mrs. Axon	Sale	102	28	74	73	1 above
Miss N. Crompton	Banstead Downs	97	22	75	73	2 "
Mrs. Dickson	Huddersfield	101	22	79	77	2 "
Miss G. Hebblethwaite	North Hants	98	21	77	74	3 "
Mrs. L. M. Dutton	Huyton	107	30	77	73	4 "
Miss E. Pollard	Kingsthorpe	101	22	79	74	5 "
Mrs. G. Thom	Kingsthorpe	104	22	82	74	8 "
Mrs. Pattinson	West Bradford	107	23	84	71	13 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

Good Hunting *(Continued from page 293)*

volumes for him that he has given general satisfaction. The joint-Masters are Colonel Lowther and Captain Macdonald Buchanan.

As my brother is acting-Master, I feel I am hardly the right person to discourse on the Bicester, but I should like to express my thanks to Johnson (to my mind one of the greatest huntsmen in England) for the fun I have had with them; and I think I am also expressing public opinion when I say that there is no better woman to hounds than "Tinker."

I HAVE already mentioned the Hon. Mrs. Baillie, and other grand women to hounds are Lady Manton (astride), Mrs. Leo Partridge (astride), Lady Fortescue, Miss Mary Mills (who acts as Field Master with the Old Berkshire), Mrs. Lillingstone, the former Lady Harrington, Master of the Harrington, Mrs. Rowland Spencer, and Mrs. Tony Belville (astride). Recently, with the Warwickshire, Audrey Belville, when riding one of the Smith-Bingham horses, jumped an enormous obstacle, and now, on Sunday afternoons, expeditions are arranged from the neighbouring house-parties to view the fence. There's fame for you!

I COULD go on at length talking hunting and hunting people, but my space is already exhausted, and in wishing you all "Good hunting!" I am going to conclude with the advice given by an old farmer many years ago: "Go to your own church, sleep with your own wife, and hunt with your own pack."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies as Elizabeth Barrett, Scott Sunderland as Browning, Wilfred Lawson as Mr. Barrett, in this revival: Piccadilly, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BETWEEN US TWO.—Leonora Corbett as an airwoman, Jack Melford as her journalist husband. Oriel Ross and Mabel Terry-Lewis: Criterion, 8.30. Tues. and Sat., 2.30.

THE CONVICT.—Dickens's *Great Expectations* dramatised. Sir John Martin-Harvey as Magwitch, Hubert Greg as Pip. Thea Holme and Jean Cadell: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play from the Embassy, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play completes half century. Cast includes Louise Hampton, Maisie Darrell, Fabia Drake, Aubrey Dexter, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—Cathleen Nesbitt, Reginald Tate, Arthur Chesney in North Country setting adapted from Walter Greenwood's novel, Powerful Gloom: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—A romantic, swashbuckling play about the eighteenth-century woman pirate (Flora Robson): Phœnix, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon; excellent humour, and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Robert Douglas in Laurence Olivier's part; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A DOUBLE BILL.—THE THREE SHEPHERDS and Euripides' HIPPOLYTUS, with the usual Old Vic company. Old Vic, 8. Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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With Music

THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.—George Robey and Violet Loraine in their original parts, with Rebla as the other Bing Boy; new jokes and songs and all the old favourites: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah. a newcomer: Coliseum, 6.30 and 9.

CINDERELLA.—June as Cinderella, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, and the Three Sailors are some of the pantomime cast: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Elsie Prince, and Audrey Ackland are the stars: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and John Tilley in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 55.—Third anniversary as a non-stop theatre last Monday week. Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, Edna Thompson, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn, Billy Humphrey: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs; Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen, and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—Another mystery play in which the members of the audience play their parts: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

THE DICTATOR.—Clive Brook and Madeleine Carroll are the stars in this serious film: Tivoli.

EVELYN PRENTICE.—William Powell and Myrna Loy in a comedy-drama: Empire.

FAREWELL.—The Chopin film with Jean Servais as the composer; Lucienne le March as George Sand: Curzon.

FORGOTTEN MEN.—The film of actual war pictures: Rialto.

GILDED LILY.—Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, C. Aubrey Smith, Ray Millard, and Edward Craven in a trans-Atlantic love-story: Plaza.

HAPPINESS AHEAD.—Dick Powell and a new star, Josephine Hutchinson, in a comedy: Regal.

KID MILLIONS.—Eddie Cantor's latest; a million Cantorish complications in time and space: London Pavilion.

LADY IN DANGER.—Tom Walls and Yvonne Arnaud in another of Ben Travers's absurdities: New Gallery.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—Gary Cooper in the filmed version of Yeats Brown's book, with Franchot Tone, Sir Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell. and Kathleen Burke as a temptress: Carlton.

MASKERADE.—Willy Forst's (Unfinished Symphony) film of 1905, with Paula Wessely, who acts superbly: Academy.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM.—Wallace Beery makes a perfect Barnum; Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; cape and sword drama: Leicester Square Theatre.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy in a comedy of horse-racing: Capitol.

SPORT

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—Royal Navy v. Royal Air Force: Twickenham, February 16th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL ART: Burlington House.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR: February 18th et seq.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS:

EUGÈNE ONEGIN: To-night, 8.

CARMEN: February 14th, 8.

BARBER OF SEVILLE: February 15th, 8

LA TRAVIATA: February 16th, 2.30.

LOHENGRIN: February 16th, 7.45.

BALLET—LE LAC DES CYGNES: February 19th, 8.30.

A SEASON OF BALLET.—Presented by Marie Rambert, with Pearl Argyle, Tatiana Semenova, Kyra Nijinsky, Frederick Ashton, William Chappell, Walter Gore: Duke of York's, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

(*Continued on page* i)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Wait — Aston

Peter Wait and Dorothy Aston were married at Salisbury Cathedral, and the photograph (left) shows them with the best man, Patrick Barrington, the bride's sister, Peggy Aston, the bridesmaids and pages, Joan and Penelope, Benjamin and Peter St. Clair Morford

Right: Frederick Barry, only son of Col. and Mrs. Barry, of Surrey, leaving the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon, after his marriage to Menina Howarth, eldest daughter of Sir Hubert and Lady Howarth

Barry — Howarth

Felicité Lacy

Felicité Elizabeth Lacy, youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. C. N. Lacy, of 8, Hyde Park Mansions, who has become engaged to Donald, third son of the late Mr. W. F. Bottomley, of Chapel Allerton, and the late Mrs. Bottomley

Bridget Bridgman

The engagement is announced of G. H. C. Giddins, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Chaffey Giddins, of Southdown House, Eastbourne, and Frinton-on-Sea, and Bridget Irving Bridgman, daughter of the late Mr. Ernest J. Bridgman and Mrs. Bridgman, of London

Claudia Davies

Claudia Branwen Davies, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthian Davies, of Alleyn Road, Dulwich, whose engagement is announced to John Melville Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Ernest Smith, of Parkfield, Westfield Rd., Newport, Monmouthshire

Dorothy Bolden

The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bolden, of Campden Hill Square, W.8. and Hyning, Carnforth, Dorothy Margaret Bolden is marrying Neil A. A. Macdonald, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Macdonald, of Winchester

DISTINCTIVE DRESSES for IMPORTANT PEOPLE

This lovely dress in silver lamé will be worn by Miss Gertrude Sabey, whose marriage to Mr. O. L. Stoll, elder son of Sir Oswald Stoll, takes place on February 23rd at St. John the Baptist's Church, Kingston Vale. It is designed and carried out by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The streamline train, which is cut in one with the dress, is lined with white taffeta, while the Medici collar and pouched sleeves drawn tightly over the wrist are points of interest

Phillips — MacGrath

Dr. William Henry Phillips leaving the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields after his marriage, by the Rev. Patrick McCormick, to Eileen Jean MacGrath

Hill — Phillimore

Clement Hill, son of the late Sir Clement Lloyd H. Hill, M.P., was married to Violet Phillimore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillimore, at Chelsea Old Church

MacKessack — Connel

The well-known Scottish cricketer, Douglas MacKessack, of the Seaforth Highlanders, and his bride, Jenny Connel, of Cluny House, Dunfermline, leaving St. Giles' Cathedral to the tune of the bagpipes after their wedding

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS . . .

Marian Windeler

An engagement has been announced between Marian Windeler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Windeler, of Longholm, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, and James Pearce, only son of the late Mr. Pearce and of Mrs. Pearce, of Maresfield Gardens, N.W.

Brigit Tritton

Brigit Tritton, a daughter of the late Arthur Francis Tritton and Mrs. Tritton, Denford Mill, Hungerford, who has become engaged to Captain William Arthur Roger Ames, of the 43rd Light Infantry, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Ames, of North Moreton House, Didcot

Joan Wadham

An engagement has been announced between Joan Wadham, younger daughter of the late Captain Arthur Wadham, of The Mount, Cockermouth, to Mr. William Walker, only son of Mr. Herbert W. Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Seascale, Cumberland

Daphne Harden

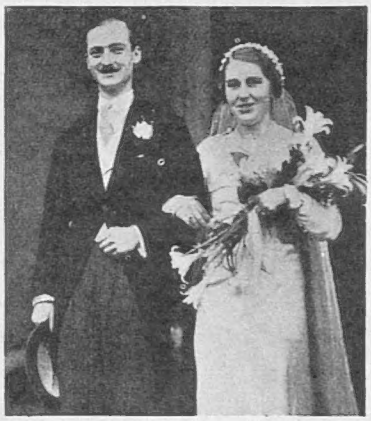
Daphne Harden, a daughter of the late Captain Allan Harden, 43rd Light Infantry, and Mrs. Harden, of Grenville Place, S.W.7. whose engagement is announced to Mr. Ronald Thornton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Thornton, of Hove, Sussex

Barbara Mayes

Flt.-Lieut. W. T. Holmes, R.A.F., has become engaged to Barbara Hazard Mayes, seen above, elder daughter of the late Colonel H. G. Mayes, the well-known lawn tennis player and physical instructor, and Mrs. Hazard Mayes, of New York and Paris

Margaret Hadland

Margaret Hadland, second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hadland, of 44, Cranley Gardens, whose engagement to Richard Fox-Carlyon, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Carlyon, of Costilost, Washaway, Cornwall, is announced



Head — Thompson

The Bishop of London officiated at the marriage of Patrick Head to Morwenna Thompson, which was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. The picture shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the ceremony

Reavell — Robertson

Brian Noble Reavell, B.Sc., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reavell, of Waylands, Beckenham, Kent, leaving St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, after his marriage to Marion Fulton Robertson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Robertson, of Leddrie, Burnside, Glasgow

The New Hats ..at Debenhams

MODEL MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

A Collection of new designs for the Spring is now being shown in Debenham's Model Millinery Department on the First Floor, and the illustration is an attractive model depicting the new "forward" line, in paper panama, with camelia trimming.

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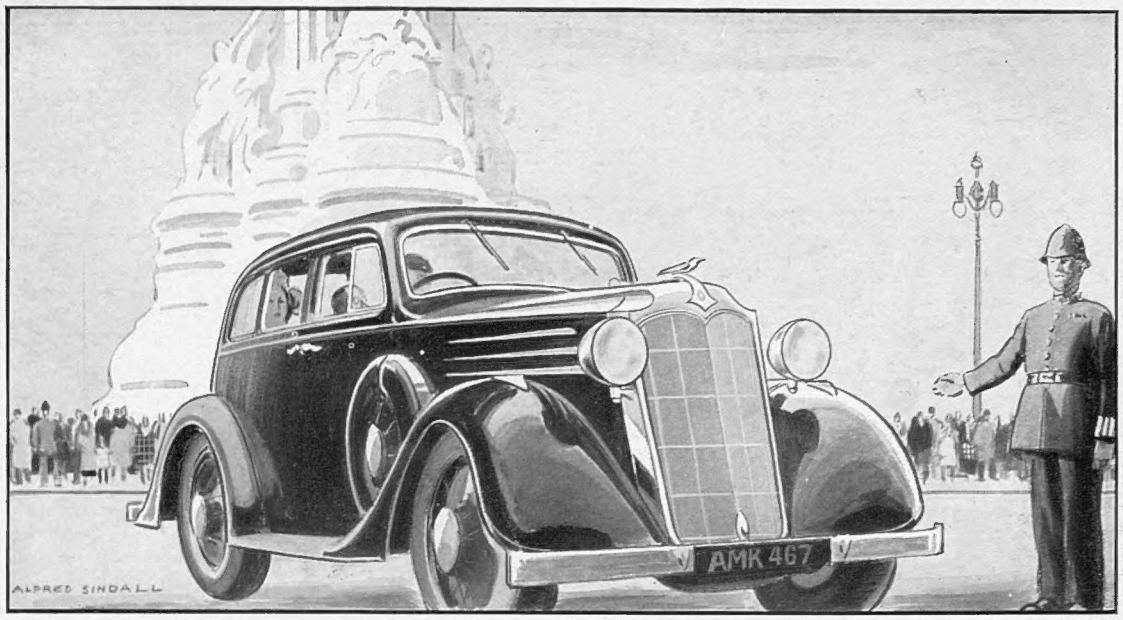

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ARE you paying for bigger car motoring without enjoying it? Are you missing the thrill of a big, powerful engine and the luxury of a big, roomy saloon? When .... for as little as £325 and an annual tax of only £15 .... you can become the owner of this luxurious Vauxhall 20 h.p. Big Six Saloon.

You have probably heard of the vast additions and reorganisations at the Vauxhall factory at Luton. When Vauxhall reorganised their factory, *they reorganised motor-car values*. The special Vauxhall flow production system of manufacture is really craftsmanship on a larger, more accurate scale. It enables Vauxhall to offer this big, tastefully appointed car, built in the true Vauxhall tradition, at a price which compares favourably, on a value-for-money basis, with the popular light car of to-day.

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A luxurious 5-seater saloon in the true Vauxhall tradition.

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Every morning rub just a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well into the scalp: this will ensure that luxuriant, lustrous hair of which you will be so proud and your friends so envious. It does not make the hair sticky.

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Made by GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Third Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 23rd and 24th, 1935

(*Headquarters*: The Felix Hotel)

1934: M. R. Gardner *(winner)* and Viscount Mandeville *(runner-up)*

1933: J. L. N. Pollock *(runner-up)* and L. B. Sanderson *(winner)*

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy.
Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone).

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street—and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich—at the inclusive price of £4 2 0.

This includes first-class return railway journey • dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday • full board at the Felix Hotel on Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the Clubhouse • breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning • Green fees • free use of Hard Tennis and Squash Courts • free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

• Conditions

Play will be for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 23rd. When cards have been returned, the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players. The best four returns from the top half of the draw and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy Eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap, the first round being played on Saturday afternoon, and the Semi-finals and Final on the Sunday. The remaining Eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy Eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes: if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide, and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor, however badly he plays, must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in competitive golf on the Sunday.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be addressed to The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There will be no entry form, but entrants should enclose a handicap certificate. Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

The "Bystander" reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason for so doing.